



Also: A NEW MYSTERY featuring

**POW-WOW SMITH**  
INDIAN LAWMAN



# Detective COMICS

10c  
SEPT. NO. 199

THE  
ASTOUNDING  
ADVENTURE  
OF

**"THE  
INVISIBLE  
BATMAN!"**

I OBJECT TO  
THE TESTIMONY OF  
A WITNESS WE  
CAN'T SEE! HOW  
DO WE KNOW IT'S  
**BATMAN'S**  
VOICE WE'RE  
HEARING?





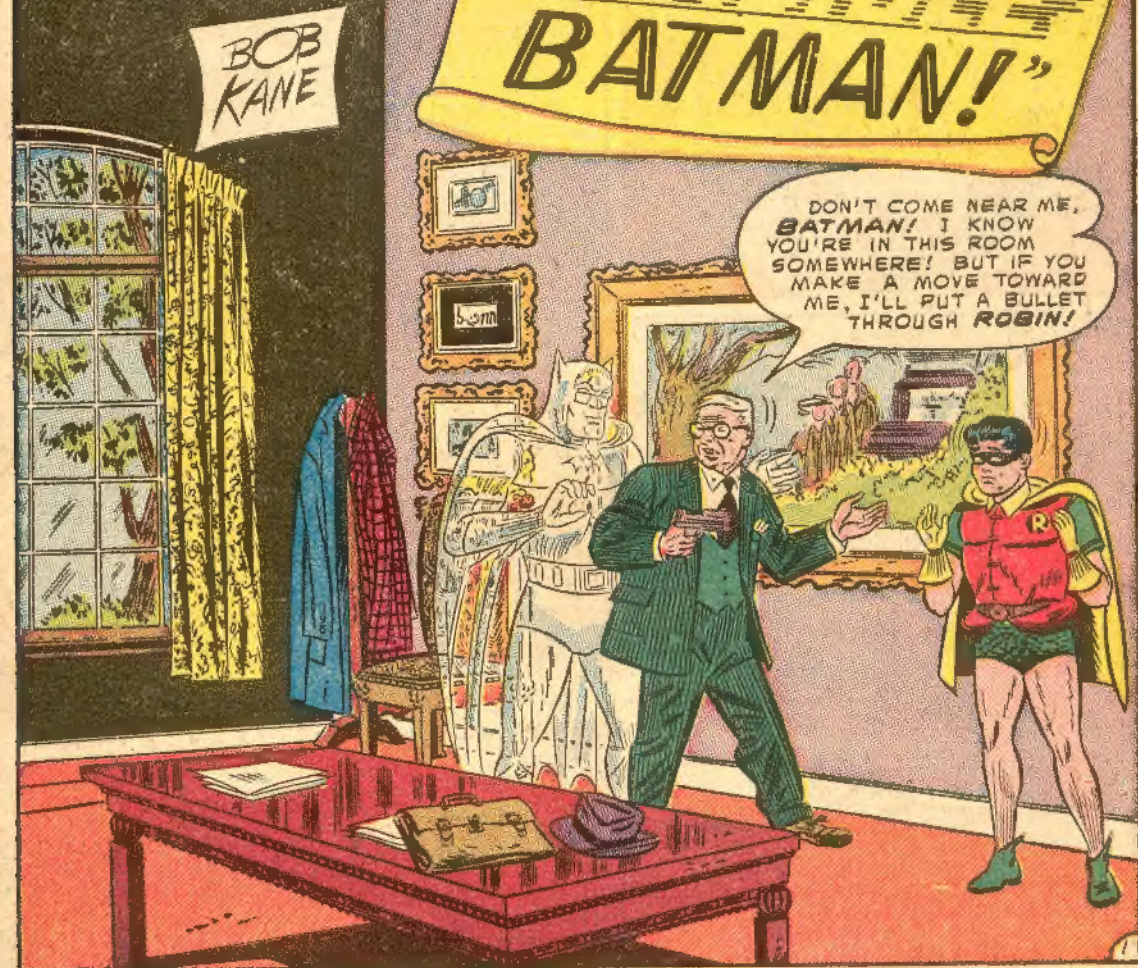
# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -

IMAGINE GANGLAND'S PREDICAMENT WHEN  
A STRANGE TRICK OF FATE CAUSES BATMAN  
TO LOSE HIS SHAPE AND FORM--- TO BECOME  
INVISIBLE! BUT DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS...  
BECAUSE WHILE DISAPPEARING HAS ITS ADVANTAGES...  
IT CAN ALSO BE FRAUGHT WITH UNUSUAL  
PROBLEMS AND GRAVE MENACE FOR...

## "The INVISIBLE BATMAN!"

DON'T COME NEAR ME,  
BATMAN! I KNOW  
YOU'RE IN THIS ROOM  
SOMEWHERE! BUT IF YOU  
MAKE A MOVE TOWARD  
ME, I'LL PUT A BULLET  
THROUGH ROBIN!



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ONE MORNING IN GOTHAM CITY, SCREAMING HEADLINES SIGNAL THE END OF A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL'S CAREER...



AND IN THE PRISON CELL WHERE BIG JACK BAKER AWAITS TRIAL...

I KNOW MY CHANCES OF BEATING THIS RAP AREN'T GOOD, VERNE... SO IN CASE I GET SENT AWAY FOR A LONG TERM, I WANT YOU TO TAKE OVER THE GANG!

ME? BUT I'M JUST A CRIMINAL LAWYER, BIG JACK!



YOU'RE MORE THAN JUST A LAWYER... YOU'RE VERNE LEVER, THE BEST MOUTH-PIECE IN THE COUNTRY! YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN SMART ENOUGH TO RUN THINGS WHILE I'M GONE!

THANKS, BIG JACK... I'LL DO MY BEST!



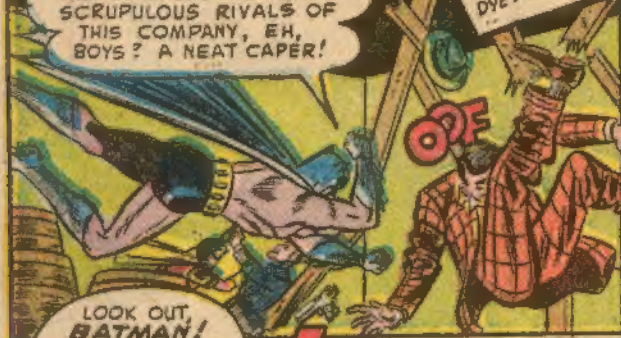
AND SO, DURING THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, CRIME ERUPTS ANEW... BRINGING UNEXPECTED SURPRISES FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN!

WHY... WHY THIS IS BIG JACK BAKER'S MOB, STILL STRONG AS EVER! THEY'RE TRYING TO STEAL THESE NEW RADIOACTIVE DYE SAMPLES!



PLANNING TO SELL THE SAMPLES TO UN-SCRUPULOUS RIVALS OF THIS COMPANY, EH, BOYS? A NEAT CAPER!

RADIOACTIVE DYE FORMULA??



LOOK OUT, BATMAN! YOU'VE WEAKENED THE SUPPORTS OF THAT HUGE VAT... IT'S STARTING TO FALL!

THAT TAKES CARE OF... WHAT...?

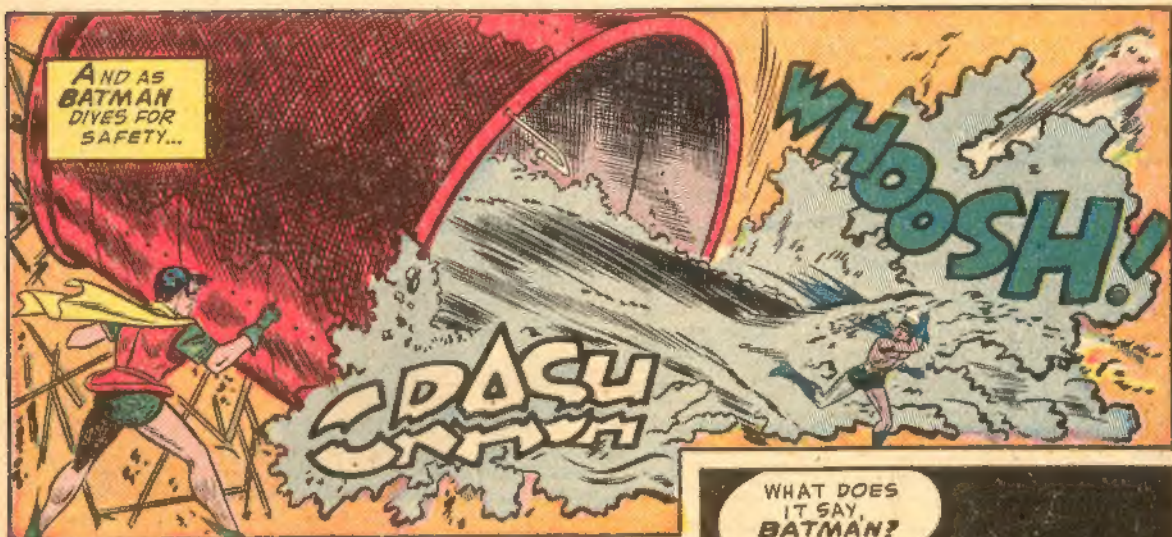


WOW! I'D BETTER GET OUT FROM UNDER!

HURRY, BATMAN! HURRY!









NEXT MORNING, IN THE MANSION WHERE THE TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS LIVE THEIR EVERYDAY LIVES AS WEALTHY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

HO-HUM... I SURE SPENT A RESTLESS NIGHT! CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHO'S TAKEN OVER BIG JACK'S GANG! HE'S TOO CLEVER TO BE AN ORDINARY HOODLUM!



NEXT MOMENT, A STARTLING REVELATION AS BRUCE REACHES FOR THE WATER FAUCET...

M-MY HAND! I--- I CAN'T SEE IT!



AND WHEN HE GLANCES INTO THE MIRROR...

GREAT SCOTT! I HAVE NO REFLECTION! DICK--- COME HERE!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, BRUCE? YOU SOUND AS THOUGH... HEY! WH-WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT SORT OF GAG IS THIS?

THEN IT'S TRUE! YOU CAN'T SEE ME EITHER!



IT---IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT RADIOACTIVE DYE! IT'S MADE ME COMPLETELY INVISIBLE!

G-GOLLY, BRUCE... WE'D BETTER GO TO THE LAB AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND AN ANTIDOTE!



SHORTLY, IN THEIR SECRET BAT-CAVE, BELOW THE WAYNE MANSION...

WE'VE TRIED EVERY KNOWN FORM OF DYE-REMOVER... NOTHING WORKS ON IT, BRUCE! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

WE'LL KEEP TRYING, DICK! THERE'S GOT TO BE AN ANSWER...THERE'S GOT TO BE!



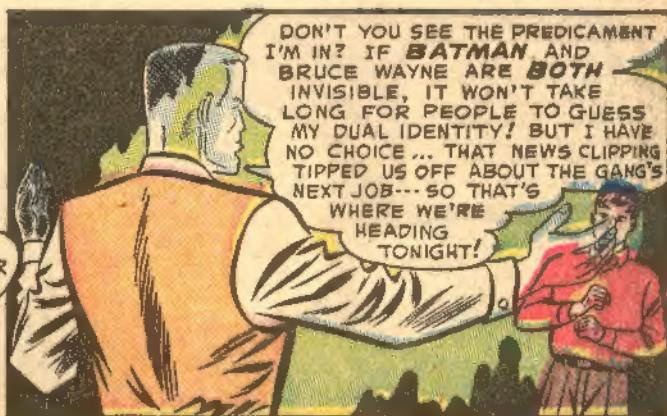




**BUT  
HOURS  
LATER...**

IT'S NO  
USE... **NOTHING**  
WORKS! WHAT A  
SPOT... IF WE  
DON'T FIND  
AN  
ANTIDOTE  
BEFORE  
BIG JACK'S  
TRIAL, HOW  
WILL YOU BE  
ABLE TO APPEAR  
AS A WITNESS  
AGAINST  
HIM?

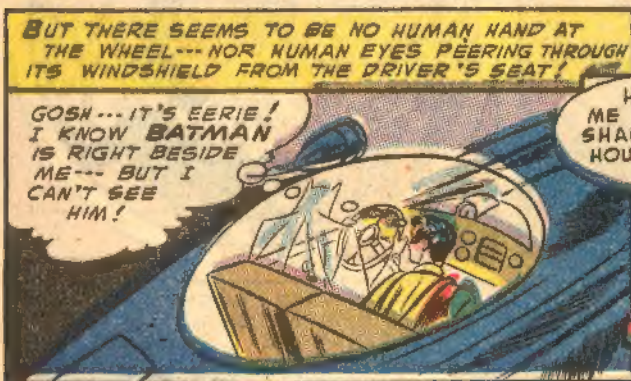
WORSE  
THAN THAT,  
DICK, HOW CAN  
**BATMAN**  
CONTINUE TO  
FUNCTION  
AT ALL?



DON'T YOU SEE THE PREDICAMENT  
I'M IN? IF **BATMAN** AND  
BRUCE WAYNE ARE **BOTH**  
INVISIBLE, IT WON'T TAKE  
LONG FOR PEOPLE TO GUESS  
MY DUAL IDENTITY! BUT I HAVE  
NO CHOICE... THAT NEWS CLIPPING  
TIPPED US OFF ABOUT THE GANG'S  
NEXT JOB... SO THAT'S  
WHERE WE'RE  
HEADING  
TONIGHT!



**THUS, AS  
DARKNESS  
FALLS, THE  
FAMED  
BATMOBILE  
ROLLS  
FORTH  
INTO  
THE  
NIGHT...**



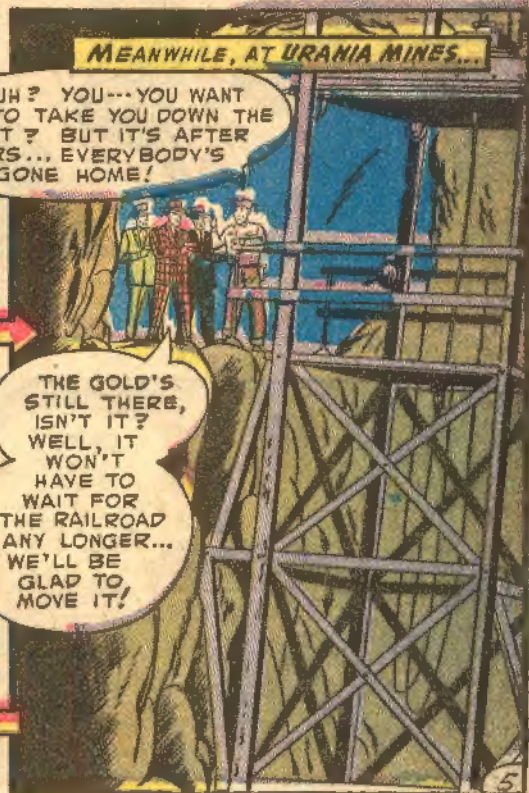
**BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE NO HUMAN HAND AT  
THE WHEEL--- NOR HUMAN EYES PEERING THROUGH  
ITS WINDSHIELD FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT!**

GOSH... IT'S EERIE!  
I KNOW **BATMAN**  
IS RIGHT BESIDE  
ME--- BUT I  
CAN'T SEE  
HIM!



THIS IS CRAZY!  
YOU CAN'T GET  
AWAY WITH...  
**UHH!**

STOP HANDING  
OUT FREE ADVICE!  
NOBODY ASKED  
YOU!

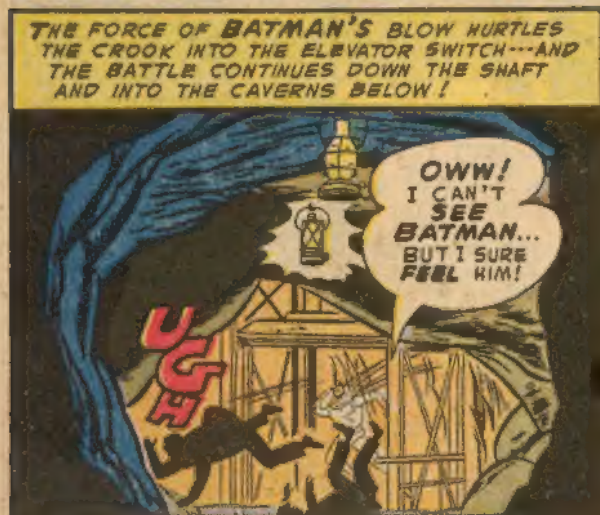
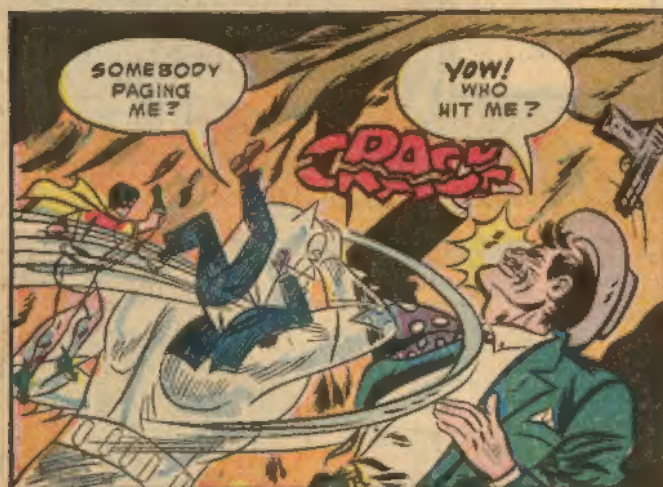


**MEANWHILE, AT URANIA MINES...**

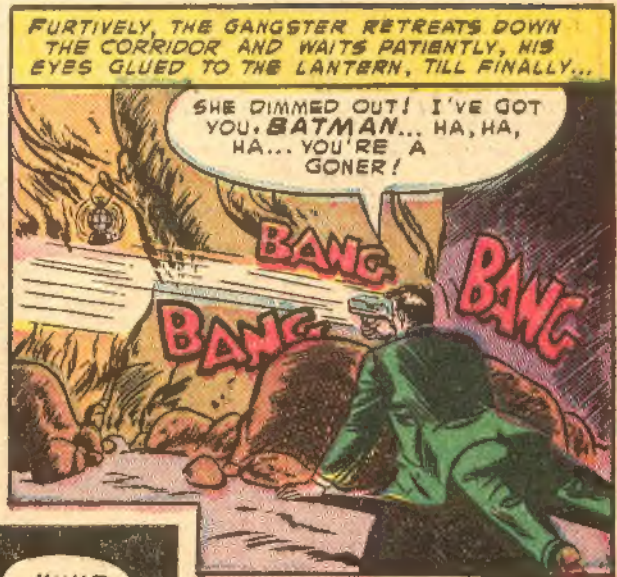
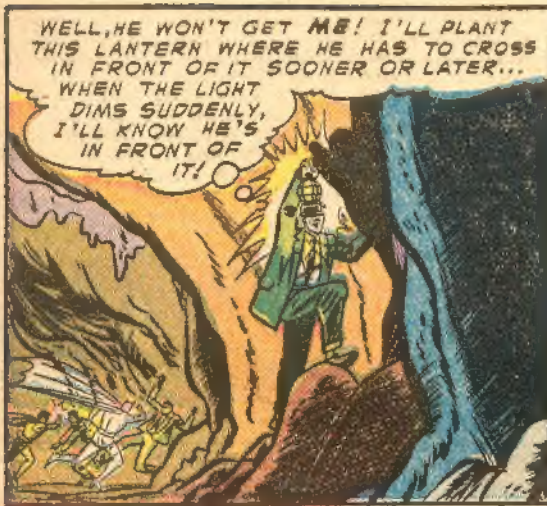
HUH? YOU--- YOU WANT  
ME TO TAKE YOU DOWN THE  
SHAFT? BUT IT'S AFTER  
HOURS... EVERYBODY'S  
GONE HOME!

THE GOLD'S  
STILL THERE,  
ISN'T IT?  
WELL, IT  
WON'T  
HAVE TO  
WAIT FOR  
THE RAILROAD  
ANY LONGER...  
WE'LL BE  
GLAD TO  
MOVE IT!

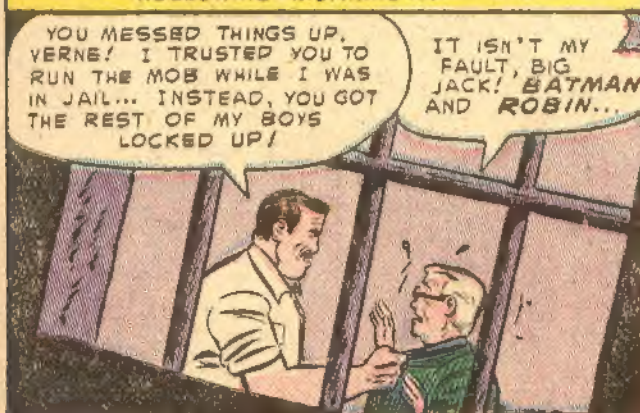








THUS THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE GANG FIND THEIR WAY TO PRISON CELLS---AND IT'S AN ANGRY BIG JACK WHO GREET'S HIS LAWYER THE FOLLOWING MORNING...





I FIGURED IT THIS WAY FROM THE START, VERNE! WITH YOUR OWN FREEDOM AT STAKE, I **KNOW** YOU'LL TRY REAL HARD TO WIN AN ACQUITTAL FOR ME!

UHP! BIG JACK CAN SEND ME TO JAIL IF HE TALKS! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM... AND THE ONLY WAY TO DO THAT IS TO KEEP **BATMAN** FROM TESTIFYING! HMM...

**DRIVEN BY DESPERATE FEAR, VERNE LEVER BEGINS A STAGGERING RESEARCH PROJECT.**

IF I LEARN **BATMAN'S** IDENTITY, I CAN KEEP HIM FROM TESTIFYING BY THREATENING TO REVEAL IT! I'VE COLLECTED ALL THE BOOKS AND ARTICLES EVER WRITTEN ABOUT HIM... SOMEWHERE THERE **MUST** BE THE EVIDENCE I NEED!

**MANY HOURS LATER...**

AT LAST! MY RESEARCH PROVES THAT **BATMAN**, IN HIS OTHER IDENTITY, IS A WEALTHY SOCIALITE... AND ONLY THESE FIVE PLAYBOYS HAVE THE NECESSARY PHYSICAL PROWESS TO PERFORM HIS AMAZING FEATS!

LEY PROBISHER III  
ROBERT  
WILKES  
BRUCE WAYNE

ALL FIVE WILL BE AT THE GALA SOCIETY HORSE SHOW TONIGHT! IF ONE OF THEM'S **BATMAN**, HE WON'T DARE TURN UP IN HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY, BECAUSE OF HIS INVISIBILITY! THAT'S HOW I'LL KNOW FOR SURE... THE MAN WHO STAYS AWAY WILL HAVE TO BE **BATMAN**!

IS IT POSSIBLE? IS **BATMAN'S** SECRET IDENTITY GOING TO BE EXPOSED AT LONG LAST?

THAT EVENING, AT THE HORSE-SHOW, HIGHLIGHT OF THE **GOTHAM CITY** SOCIAL SEASON...

THAT'S IT! WAYNE MUST BE **BATMAN**!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS... **BRUCE WAYNE**... WILL NOT APPEAR IN TONIGHT'S EVENTS! HE IS PHYSICALLY INDISPOSED!

THE FACT THAT **BRUCE WAYNE** IS THE ONLY ONE OF MY FIVE SUSPECTS WHO ISN'T HERE TONIGHT PROVES THAT... **HUH?**

SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR ATTACK OF FLU, **BRUCE**! HERE--- DRINK THIS HOT LEMONADE... IT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

OH, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT... AS LONG AS I KEEP WELL BUNDLED UP! MMM...THIS TASTES DELICIOUS!

'GULP! IF **BRUCE WAYNE** IS **BATMAN**, THEN HE **COULDN'T** SHOW UP! I MUST'VE GUESSED WRONG, AFTER ALL... BUT HOW?



HOW INDEED HAS BRUCE MANAGED TO APPEAR AT THE HORSE SHOW? HAS HE SOLVED THE SECRET OF HIS INVISIBILITY?

THE ANSWER COMES SOME HOURS LATER, AS HE AND DICK RETURN HOME...

IT WORKED, BRUCE! NOBODY SUSPECTED YOU WERE WEARING A RUBBER FACE MASK! THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY CONNECT YOU WITH BATMAN NOW!

PLANTING THAT STORY ABOUT AN ATTACK OF FLU HELPED! I COULD KEEP WELL BUNDLED UP ALL EVENING... SO THAT ALL ANYONE COULD SEE WAS MY "FACE"!

GOLLY... WE DIDN'T LEAVE A MINUTE TOO SOON! THAT RADIOACTIVE DYE SEEPED THROUGH TO MAKE YOUR CLOTHING INVISIBLE! EVEN THE MASK IS STARTING TO FADE, EXCEPT FOR THE LIPS!

YES, THE DYE EVENTUALLY PENETRATES ANYTHING I WEAR, AND... AND WHAT DID YOU SAY?



WHY... YOU'RE RIGHT! THE LIPS OF THE MASK ARE VISIBLE! BUT... BUT WHY SHOULD ONLY THAT PART BE IMMUNE TO THE DYE?

WE'D BETTER GO DOWN TO THE LAB AND FIND OUT RIGHT AWAY! BIG JACK'S TRIAL STARTS TOMORROW, YOU KNOW, AND YOU'LL HAVE AN AWFULLY TOUGH TIME TESTIFYING IF YOU'RE STILL INVISIBLE!

BUT AFTER A WHOLE NIGHT OF CEASELESS EFFORT...

STILL NO SOLUTION... AND IT'S TIME TO GO TO THE COURTROOM! GOSH... WE'RE SO CLOSE TO THE ANSWER NOW! IF ONLY...

NO, ROBIN... WE CAN'T SPEND ANY MORE TIME HERE... BECAUSE IF WE DON'T SHOW UP IN COURT, BIG JACK WILL GO FREE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM...

HERE'S THE BATMOBILE! IT'S THE ROBIN AND... AND... THE RUMORS WE'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT BATMAN ARE TRUE!

MY SUIT... IT'S STARTING TO FADE ALREADY!



AND BY THE TIME BATMAN IS CALLED TO THE WITNESS STAND, THE SWIFT-ACTING DYE HAS DONE ITS WORK...



WILL YOU HOLD UP... UH... YOUR RIGHT HAND AND SWEAR...

I THINK WE CAN DISPENSE WITH THAT, CLERK! NO ONE CAN BE SURE HE IS HOLDING UP HIS RIGHT HAND!





# DETECTIVE COMICS



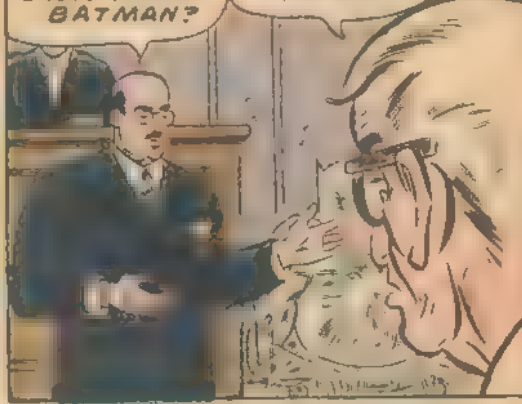
AND AS THE NY'S BLE CRIME-BUSTER'S TESTIMONY INEORABLY CONDEMNS HIM BACK TO THE PENITENTARY...

YOU'D BETTER COME UP WITH SOME SMART ANSWERS, VERNE, OR WE'LL BE OCCUPYING ADJOINING CELLS!

LEAVE IT TO ME! I'VE JUST HAD A WONDERFUL IDEA!

YOUR WITNESS! WOULD YOU CARE TO CROSS-EXAMINE BATMAN?

NO... BECAUSE I REFUSE TO BELIEVE THAT HE IS BATMAN!

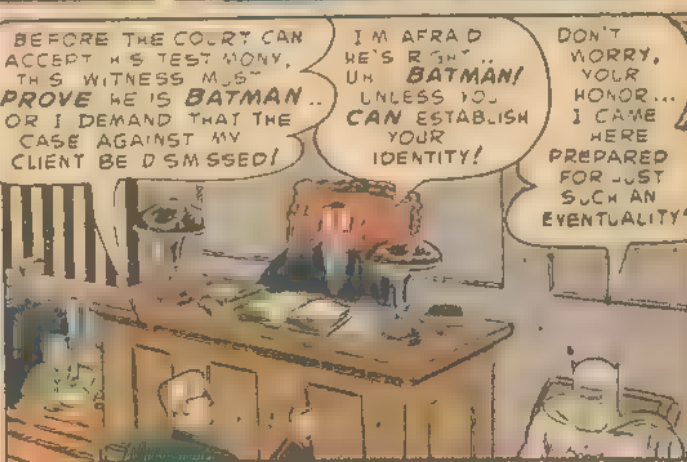
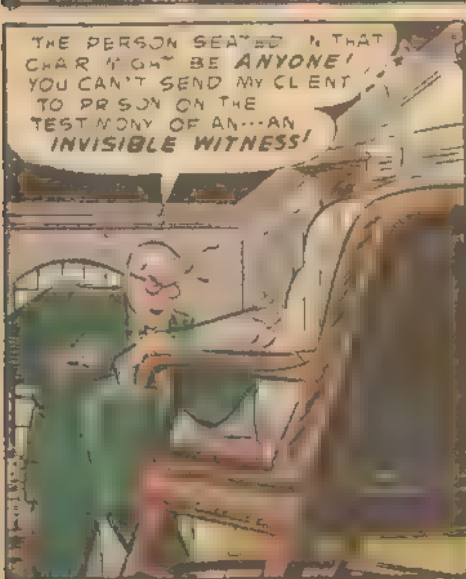


THE PERSON SEATED IN THAT CHAIR MIGHT BE ANYONE! YOU CAN'T SEND MY CLIENT TO PRISON ON THE TESTIMONY OF AN... AN INVISIBLE WITNESS!

BEFORE THE COURT CAN ACCEPT HIS TESTIMONY, THIS WITNESS MUST PROVE HE IS BATMAN... OR I DEMAND THAT THE CASE AGAINST MY CLIENT BE DISMISSED!

I'M AFRAID HE'S RIGHT... UNLESS YOU CAN ESTABLISH YOUR IDENTITY!

DON'T WORRY, YOUR HONOR... I CAME HERE PREPARED FOR JUST SUCH AN EVENTUALITY!



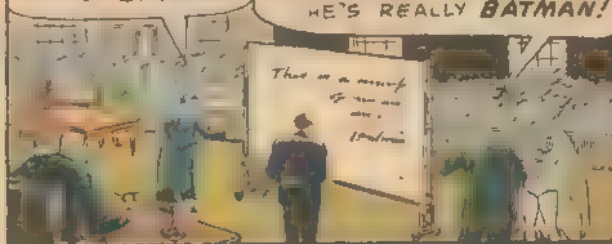
AND WHEN HANDWRITING EXPERTS EXAMINE THE TWO SPECIMENS, THEIR VERDICT IS UNANIMOUS...

THIS HANDWRITING IS UNMISTAKABLY THAT OF BATMAN!

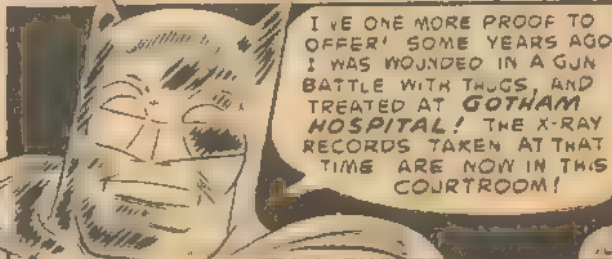
I OBJECT! THIS MAN MIGHT BE A CLEVER FORGER! THIS STILL ISN'T PROOF THAT HE'S REALLY BATMAN!

ON BATMAN'S SIGNAL, A LARGE ILLUMINATED BOARD IS WHEELED INTO THE COURTROOM...

I AM NOW WRITING A MESSAGE ON THIS SIDE OF THE BOARD! ON THE OTHER SIDE IS A GREATLY MAGNIFIED COPY OF MY HANDWRITING, CERTIFIED BY COMMISSIONER GORDON.



This is a sample of my handwriting  
Batman



I'VE ONE MORE PROOF TO OFFER! SOME YEARS AGO, I WAS WOUNDED IN A GUN BATTLE WITH THUGS, AND TREATED AT GOTHAM HOSPITAL! THE X-RAY RECORDS TAKEN AT THAT TIME ARE NOW IN THIS COURTROOM!



NEXT, A PORTABLE FLUOROSCOPE IS SET UP... AND AS THE INVISIBLE BATMAN STEPS BEFORE IT...

NO DOUBT OF IT! SEE THAT MARK ON THE LEFT SHOULDER? I INSERTED A SILVER PLATE INTO THE BONE WHERE IT WAS SPLINTERED BY A BULLET! HE IS BATMAN!



AND SO, WHEN THE JURY RETURNS WITH ITS VERDICT...

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY AS CHARGED!

GUILTY, EH? WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO JAIL ALONE! VERNE LEVER, MY ATTORNEY, IS AS GUILTY AS I AM!



ABRUPTLY...

HUH? HE SNATCHED MY GUN!

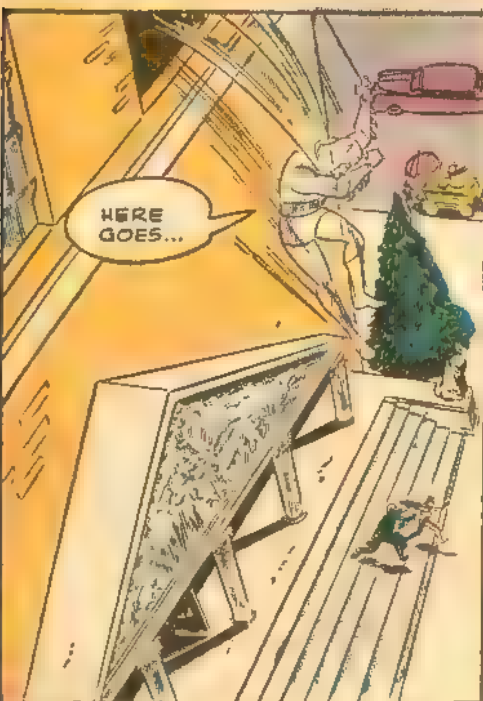
DON'T ANYONE COME NEAR ME. OR I'LL KILL ROBIN! THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, BATMAN, WHEREVER YOU ARE!



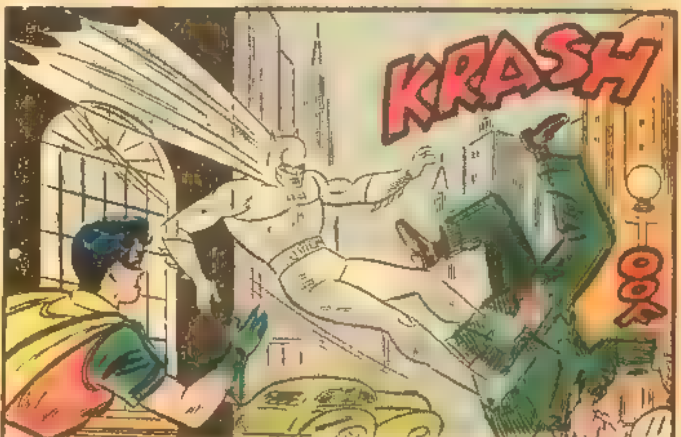
RACING UPSTAIRS, BATMAN CLAMBERS OUT ON A WINDOW LEDGE...



ROBIN CAN'T BREAK FREE BECAUSE SOMEONE MIGHT BE HURT IN THE RESULTING GUNFIGHT! JUST ONE WAY TO STOP HIM!

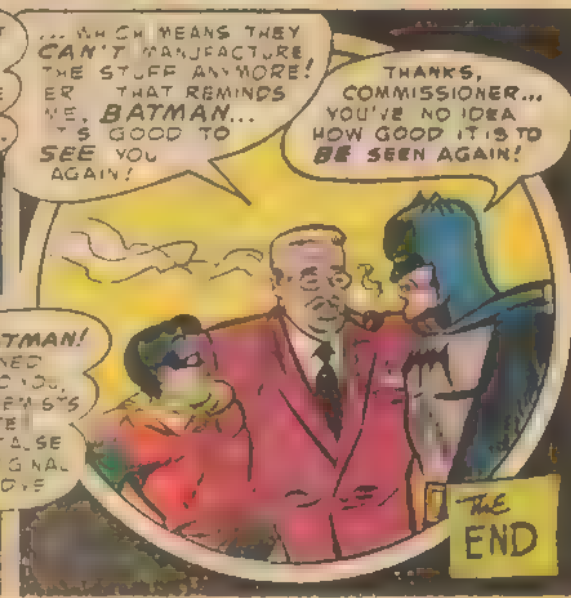
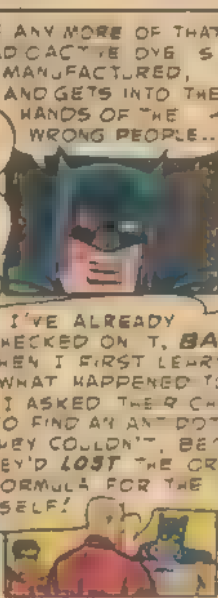
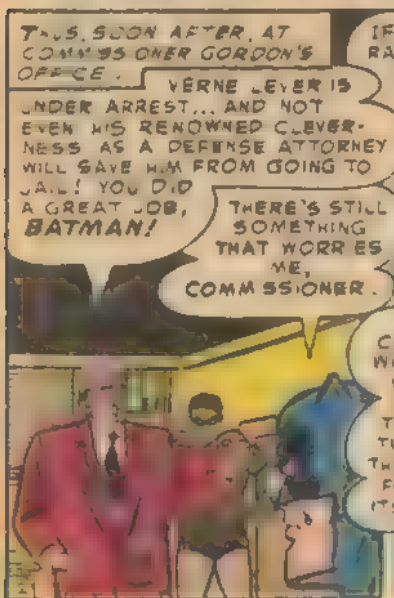
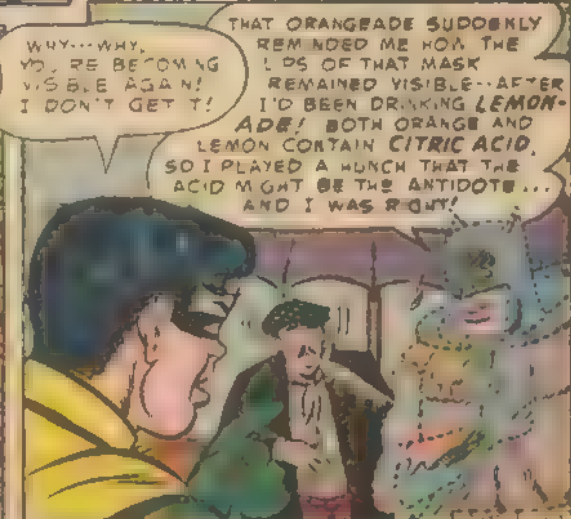
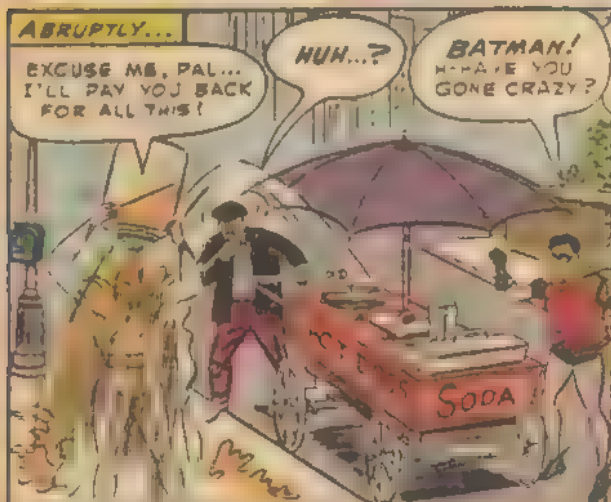
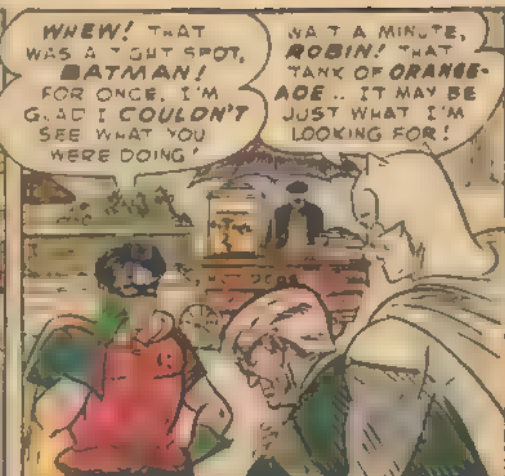
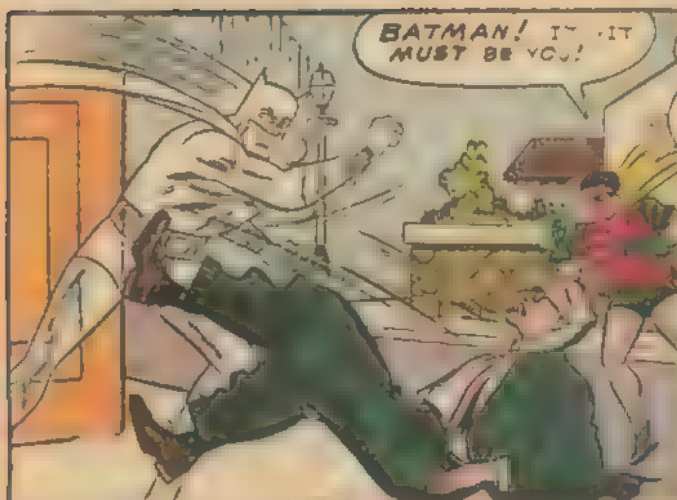


HERE GOES...



KRASH







# IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE

IN HIS NEVER-CEASING QUEST FOR UNBELIEVABLE ODDITIES, ROY RAYMOND HAS OFTEN COME TO THE AID OF PEOPLE IN PERILOUS SITUATIONS! BUT THIS TIME, THE FAMED DEBUNKER HAS A DIFFERENT KIND OF PROBLEM ON HIS HANDS WHEN HE HAS TO RESCUE HIMSELF FROM...

**THE GIRL**  
who BECAME a  
**WITCH!**

BUT, ROY, YOU CAN'T MARRY HER... SHE'S A---A WITCH!

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, KAREN--- SO AM I!

RUBEN MOREIRA

ONE DAY, AS ROY RAYMOND, PRODUCER OF THE FAMED "IMPOSSIBLE...BUT TRUE!" TELEVISION SHOW, ARRIVES IN HIS STUDIO DRESSING ROOM...

ROY, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE OPENING A FLOWER SHOP?

MMM... THIS SMELLS SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE---  
**HESTER BLAKE!**

NOT **THE** HESTER BLAKE, DAUGHTER OF ROGER BLAKE, THE OIL MAGNATE!

THE SAME, KAREN! I'LL JUST HAVE TO SPEAK TO HER FATHER ABOUT THIS SILLY SCHOOL-GIRL CRUSH SHE HAS ON ME! IT'S GETTING TO BE A NUISANCE!





LATER, AS ROY INTERVIEWS APPLICANTS FOR THE NEXT SHOW...

MEET JO-JO, ROY... THE ONLY TWO-HEADED MAN ALIVE TODAY!

HELLO... ...MR. RAYMOND!

EVEN I'VE SEEN THIS TRICK, PULLED BEFORE... A PAIR OF IDENTICAL TWINS, CLOTHED IN A SINGLE COSTUME!

TWO HEADS, INDEED... WITH NOT A SINGLE BRAIN BETWEEN THEM!

JUST THEN...

BEEK! WH---WHAT'S THAT?

BOOM

AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

HESTER BLAKE! WHAT A WAY TO ENTER A ROOM!

YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT A WITCH CAN DO, ROY DARLING!

DID YOU SAY A WITCH? WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THIS, HESTER?

DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, ROY! YOU'LL FIND THE WHOLE EXPLANATION IN THIS BOOK, WHICH I FOUND IN OUR OLD HOMESTEAD IN SALEM! GO ON--READ WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT US!

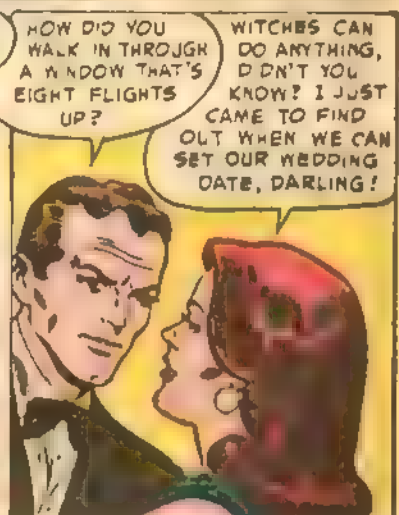
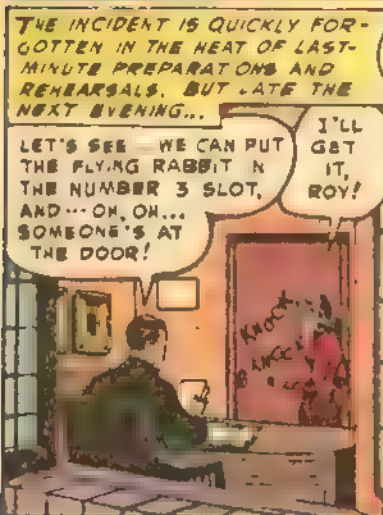
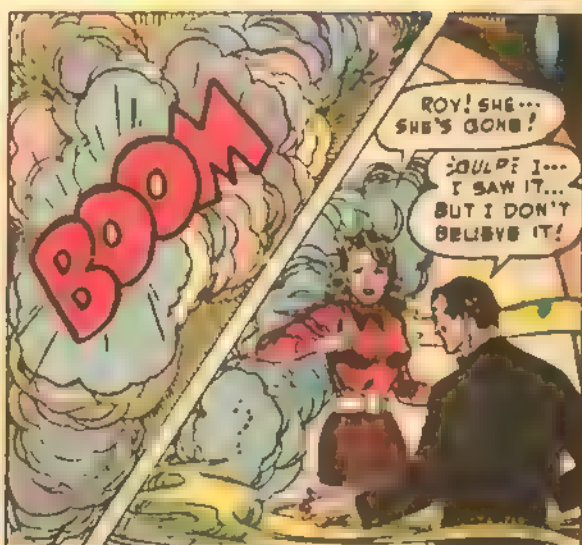
THE BOOK'S OLD, ALL RIGHT! AND...WH---WHAT'S THIS---? IT SAYS THAT HESTER BLAKE, IN 1620, PREDICTS THE WEDDING OF HER DESCENDANT, 333 YEARS LATER, TO---TO ROY RAYMOND! M-ME?

UH-HUH... AND ME!

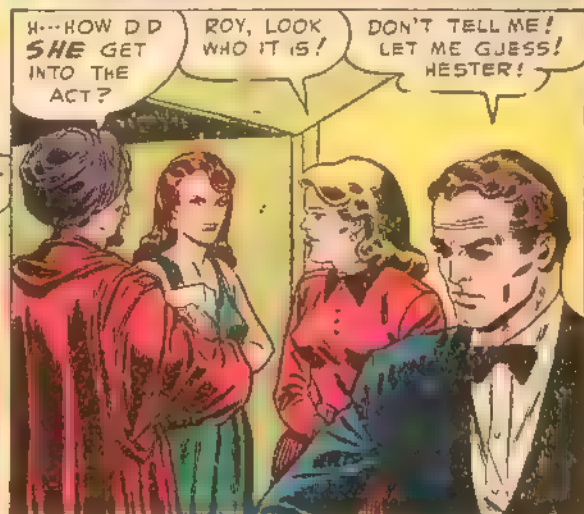
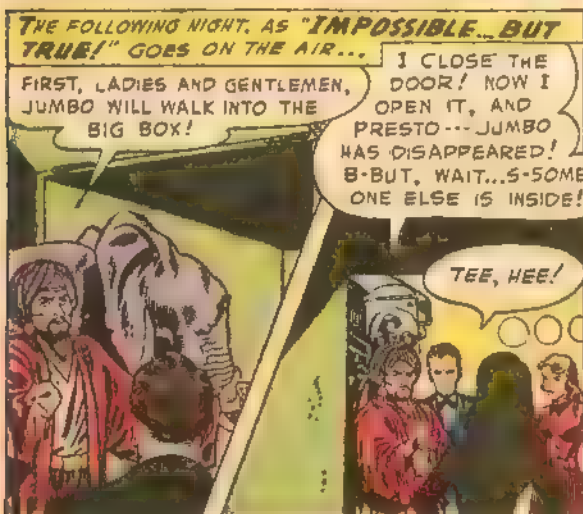
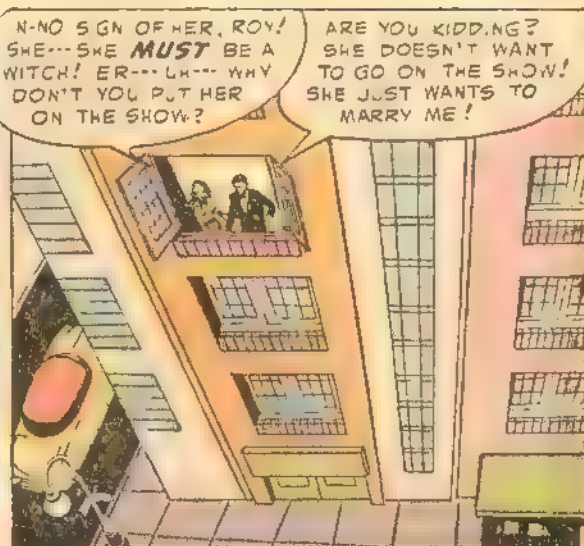
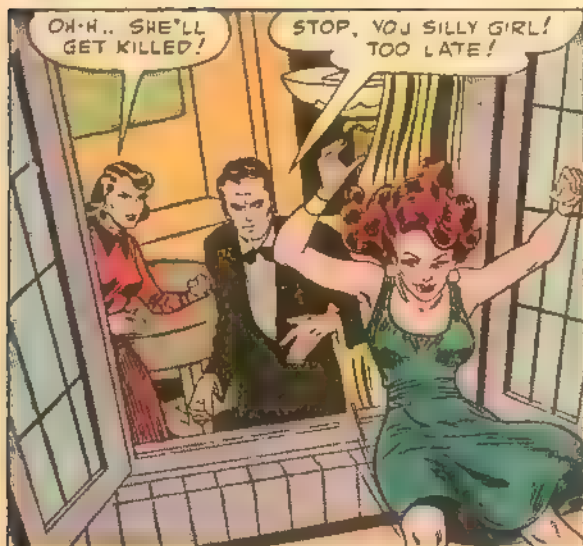
SEE WHAT'S ON THE NEXT PAGE! MAGIC WORDS! WHEN I UTTERED THEM, I---I FOUND I WAS ABLE TO DO ALL SORTS OF CRAZY THINGS! I'M A WITCH! WILL YOU MIND MARRYING A WITCH, DEAR?

A WITCH, EH? WELL, THEN, LET'S SEE YOU DISAPPEAR!

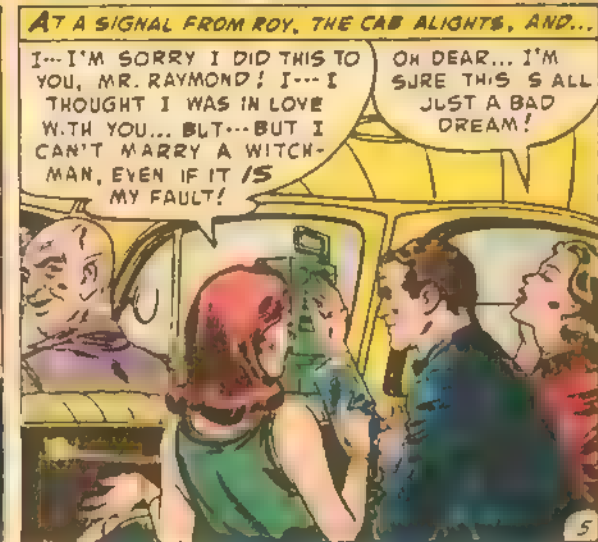
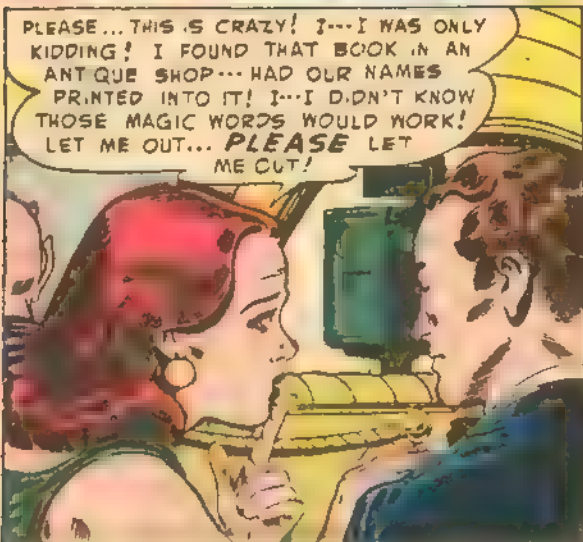
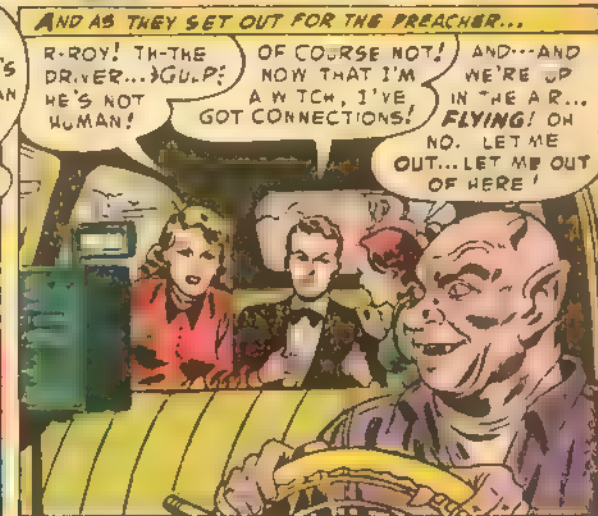
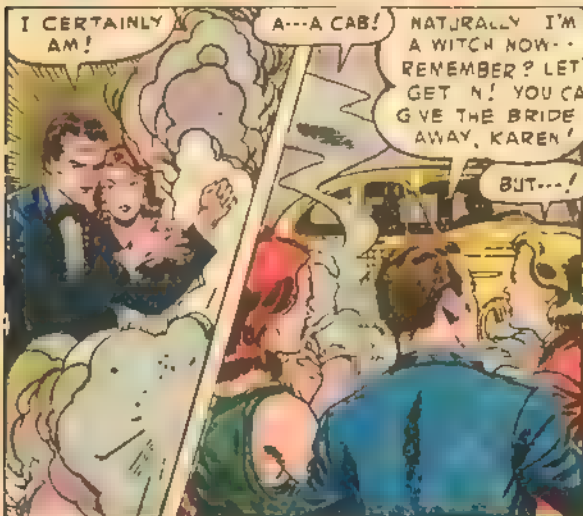
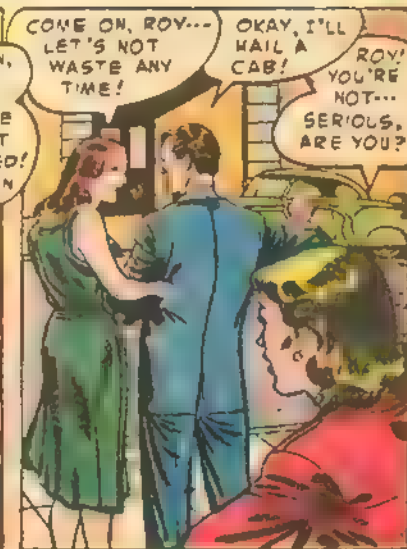
















# DETECTIVE COMICS



BUT AS SOON AS HESTER IS GONE...

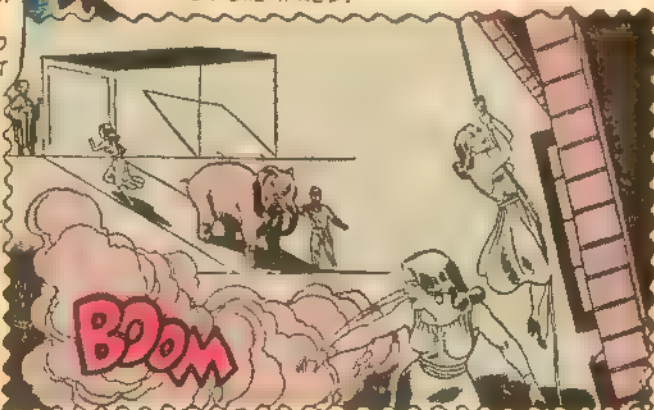
WO. HQ. HA, HA! I GUESS THAT SILLY GIRL WON'T TRY ANY MORE OF HER CORNY "WITCH" GAGS ON ME!

HA, HA... HOW'D I DO AS A "GENIE," ROY?

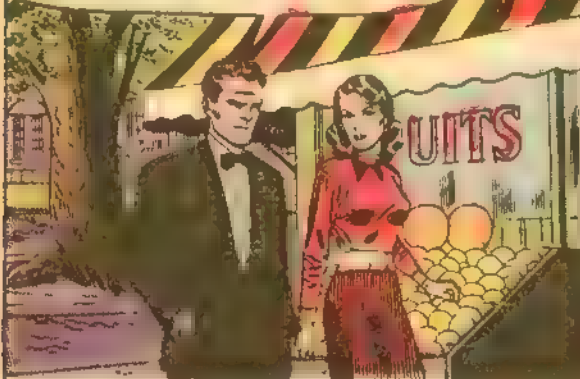
ROY RAYMOND! Y--YOU MEAN, SHE PULLED A LOT OF GIMMICKS ON YOU, AND THEN YOU--YOU TURNED AROUND AND PLAYED THEM RIGHT BACK ON HER?



"EXACTLY, KAREN! I WAS WISE TO HER TRICKS FROM THE BEGINNING... THE DISAPPEARING ELEPHANT ACT, HER PHONEY STAGE-PROP SMOKE SCREEN, THE EIGHTH FLOOR STUNT... ALL GIMMICKS PULLED WITH THE AID OF MEN SHE HIRED!"



YOU SEE, KAREN, I SPOKE TO HER WEALTHY FATHER ABOUT CURING HESTER OF HER SCHOOLGIRL CRUSH ON ME, AND HE PAID FOR THIS SPECIAL LAND-A-R VEHICLE I USED TO TURN THE TABLES ON HER!



AND SO, LATER, AS KAREN AND ROY ENTER A LUNCH ROOM FOR A LATE SNACK...

SANDWICH IS RATHER DRY! BELIEVE I'LL HAVE A GLASS OF MILK!

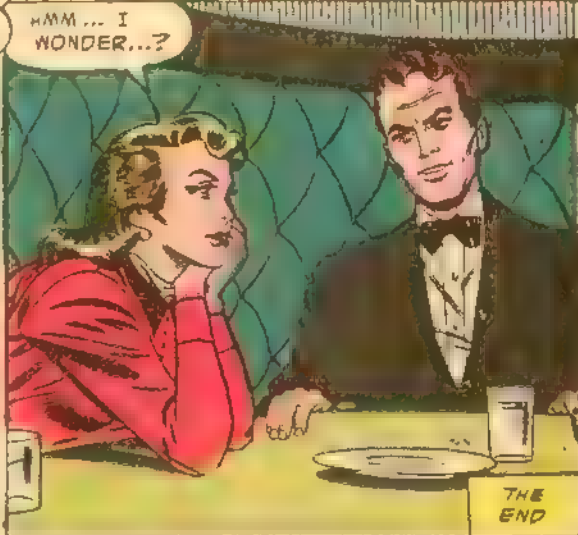
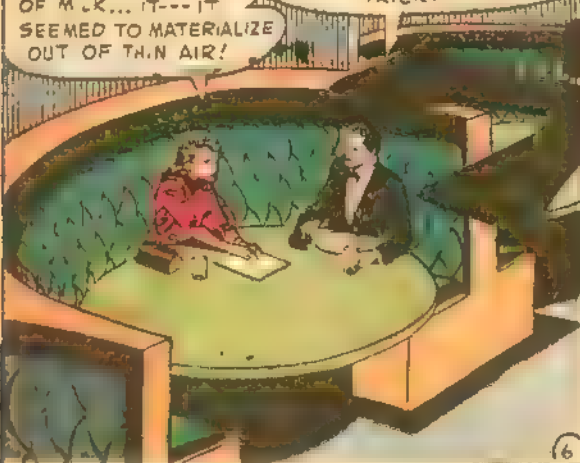


ABRUPTLY...

R-ROY! THAT GLASS OF MILK... IT---IT SEEMED TO MATERIALIZE OUT OF THIN AIR!

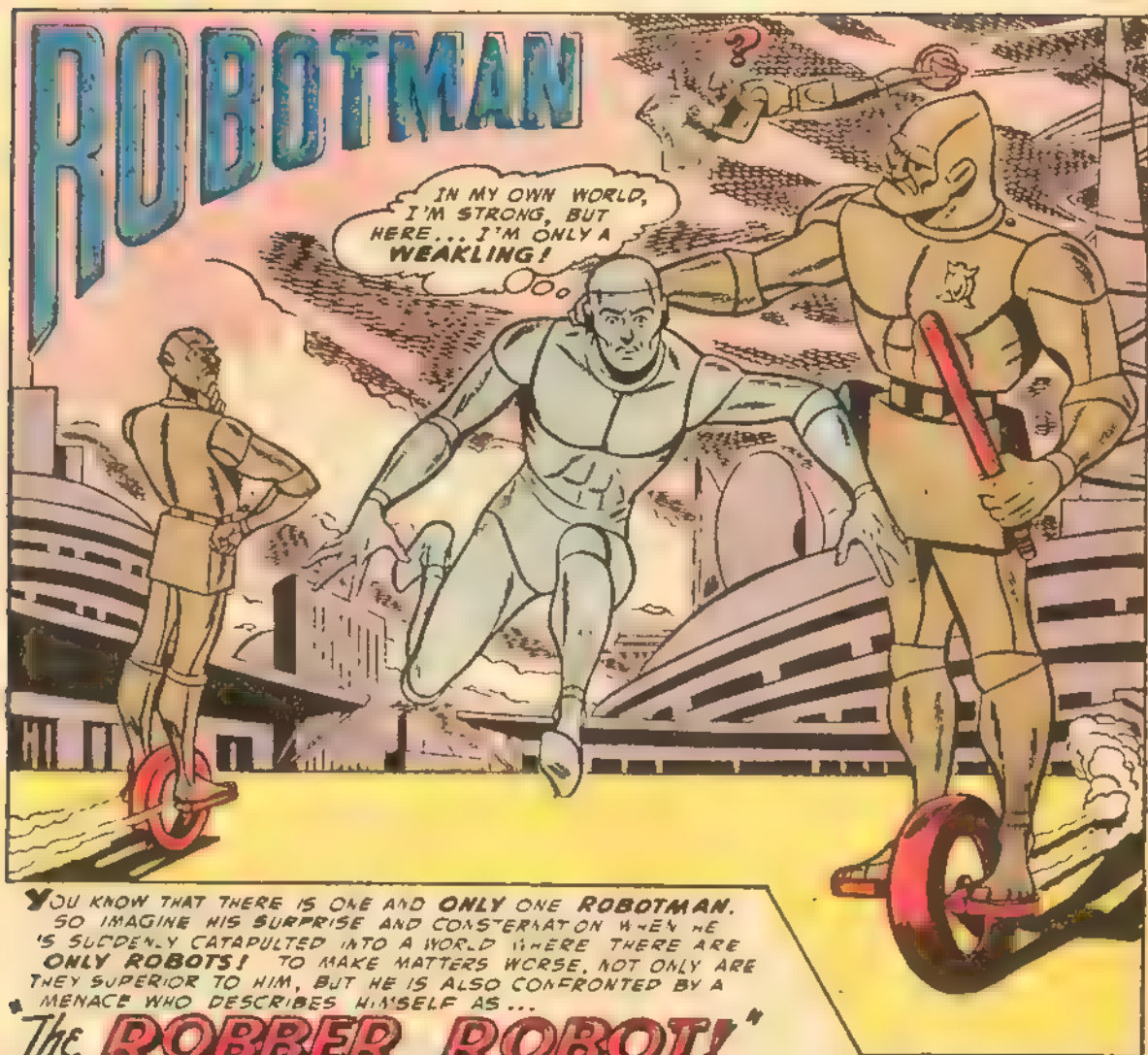
JUST SLEIGHT-OF-HAND, KAREN--- AN OLD MAGICIAN'S TRICK!

HMM... I WONDER...?



THE END





YOU KNOW THAT THERE IS ONE AND ONLY ONE ROBOTMAN. SO IMAGINE HIS SURPRISE AND CONSTERNATION WHEN HE IS SUDDENLY CATAPULTED INTO A WORLD WHERE THERE ARE ONLY ROBOTS! TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, NOT ONLY ARE THEY SUPERIOR TO HIM, BUT HE IS ALSO CONFRONTED BY A MENACE WHO DESCRIBES HIMSELF AS ...

## The ROBBER ROBOT!

NIGHT, AND A WEARY PAUL DENNIS LEAVES HIS LABORATORY...

AS ROBOTMAN, MY METAL BODY, UNDER THIS PLASTIC DISGUISE OF PAUL DENNIS, NEVER TIRES, BUT MY HUMAN BRAIN SOMETIMES NEEDS REST. THAT ATOMIC MIST I'VE BEEN WORKING ON SEEMS TO HAVE A PECULIAR EFFECT ON ME!

I DO FEEL STRANGE... CAN HARDLY WAIT UNTIL I GET HOME AND INTO BED...

I'LL SET THE ALARM FOR EIGHT! THAT WILL GIVE MY BRAIN PLENTY OF TIME TO RELAX AND BE REFRESHED WHEN I AWAKE!





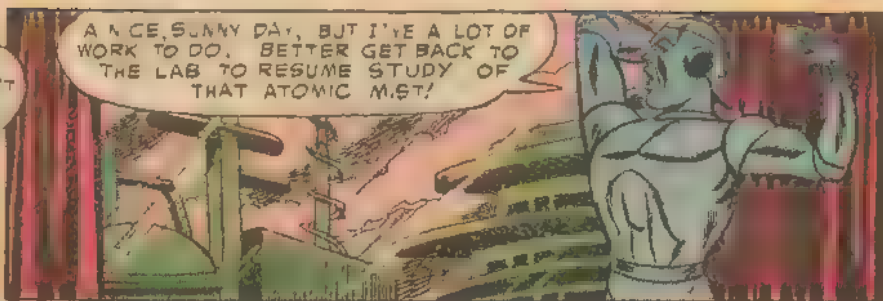


# DETECTIVE COMICS



SOME TIME PASSES...

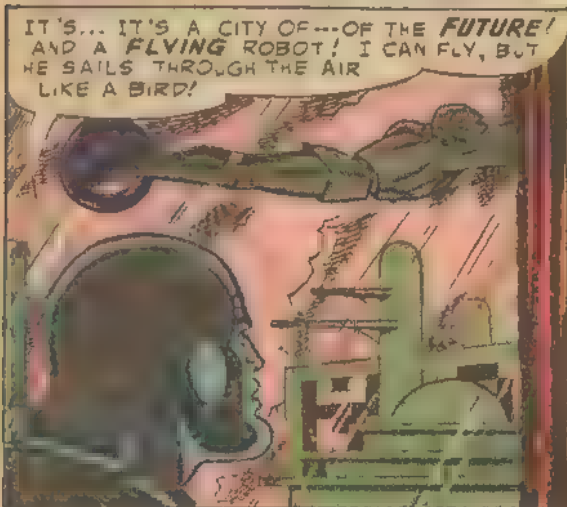
EIGHT O'CLOCK  
ALREADY? DOESN'T  
SEEM AS IF I'VE  
SLEPT AT ALL!



ONCE, SUNNY DAY, BUT I'VE A LOT OF  
WORK TO DO. BETTER GET BACK TO  
THE LAB TO RESUME STUDY OF  
THAT ATOMIC MIST!



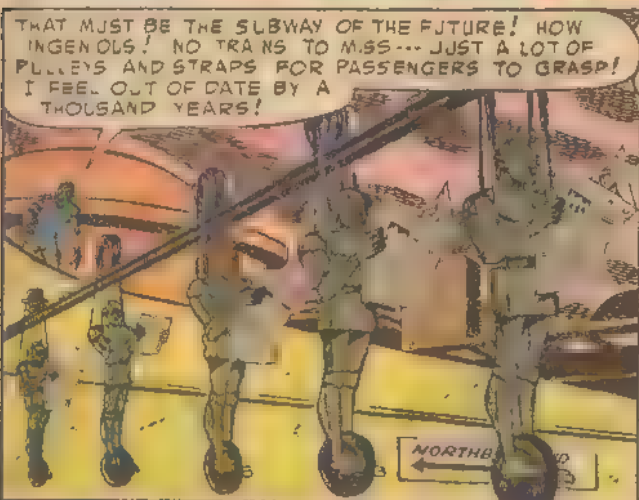
HUH ???  
WHAT'S THIS?



IT'S... IT'S A CITY OF---OF THE **FUTURE!**  
AND A **FLYING ROBOT!** I CAN FLY, BUT  
HE SAILS THROUGH THE AIR  
LIKE A BIRD!

**STUNNED,  
CURIOUS  
BUT  
CAUTIOUS,  
THE  
MAN OF  
METAL  
EMERGES  
FROM HIS  
HOME,  
TO  
STARE  
INCREDU-  
LOUSLY  
AT A  
WORLD  
OF  
ROBOTS!**

WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE ATOMIC MIST!  
THAT'S THE ANSWER! SOMEHOW, IT  
AFFECTED ME BY PROJECTING ME  
INTO THE FUTURE... A FUTURE IN  
WHICH THERE ARE NO MEN---ONLY  
ROBOTS! LOOK AT THAT ROBOT UP  
AHEAD---HE'S SO STRONG, HE'S  
CARRYING A **WHOLE HOUSE**  
BY HIMSELF!



THAT MUST BE THE SUBWAY OF THE FUTURE! HOW  
INGENIOUS! NO TRANS TO MISS---JUST A LOT OF  
PULLEYS AND STRAPS FOR PASSENGERS TO GRASP!  
I FEEL OUT OF DATE BY A  
THOUSAND YEARS!

I MUST **LOOK OUT OF DATE!**  
EVERYONE IS STARING AT ME,  
AND HERE COMES A ROBOT  
POLICEMAN!

HEY, YOU...  
YOU'RE  
UNDER  
**ARREST!**





DO YOU HAVE A WALKING LICENSE? YOUR GREASE AND RIVET JOB FORMS? WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU CHECKED YOUR POWER TUBES?

WELL--ER-- AH--- YOU SEE, OFF CER...

HMMMPH! NO OIL CREDIT CARD, EITHER, HAVE YOU? AND NOT A SINGLE WORK STRIPE ON YOUR ARM! YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME, STRANGER!

WHAT A QUIRK OF FATE! I'VE ALWAYS UPHELD THE LAW--- AND NOW I'M CHARGED WITH BREAKING IT!

AND IN THE COURT OF METAL-MEN...

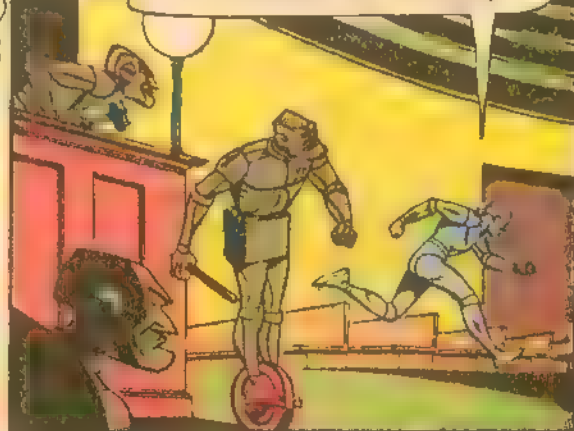
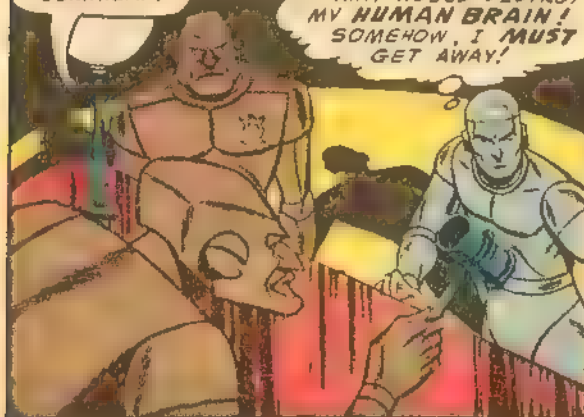
INASMUCH AS THIS ROBOT IS NOT RECORDED AND CANNOT ACCOUNT FOR HIS PRESENCE, I ACCUSE HIM OF BEING THE "LONE WOLF ROBBER ROBOT..."

THAT SN'T TRUE! I COME FROM THE PAST!

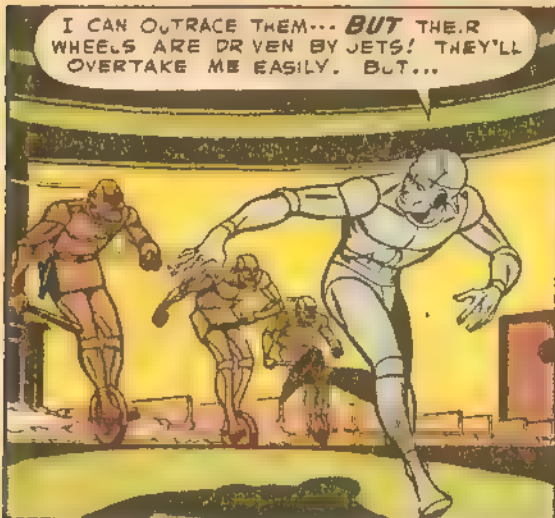
FROM THE PAST? WHAT NONSENSE! I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO BE DISASSEMBLED AND THROWN INTO THE CITY JUNKHEAP!

THAT WOULD DESTROY MY HUMAN BRAIN! SOMEHOW, I MUST GET AWAY!

THE ONLY THING I CAN DO TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE IS TO ESCAPE AND CAPTURE THE REAL LONE WOLF ROBOT!



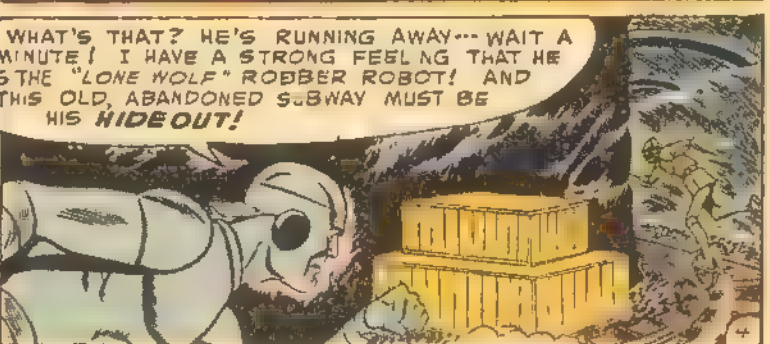
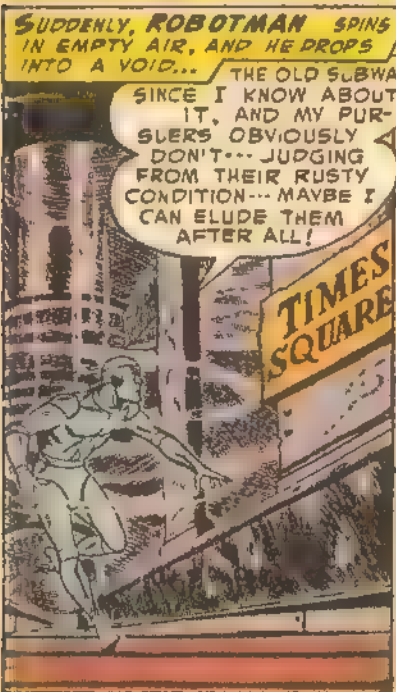
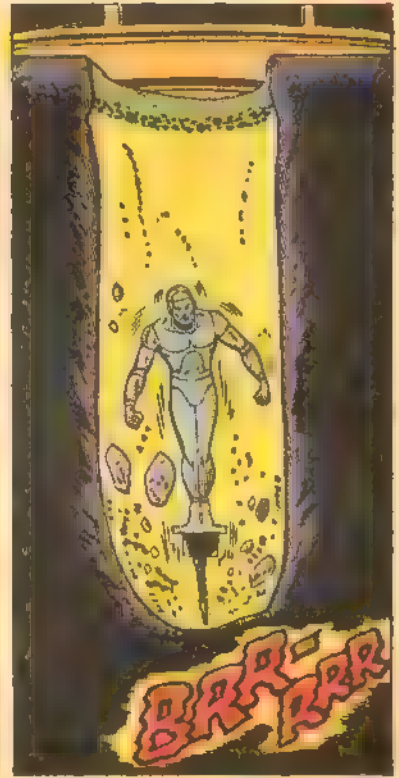
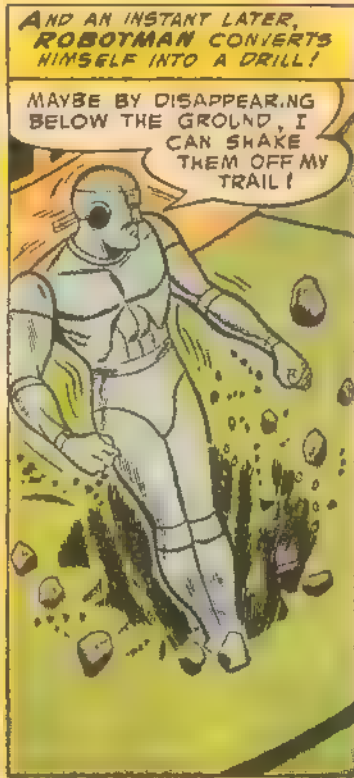
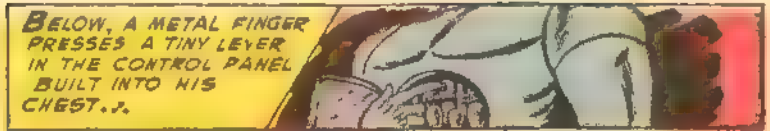
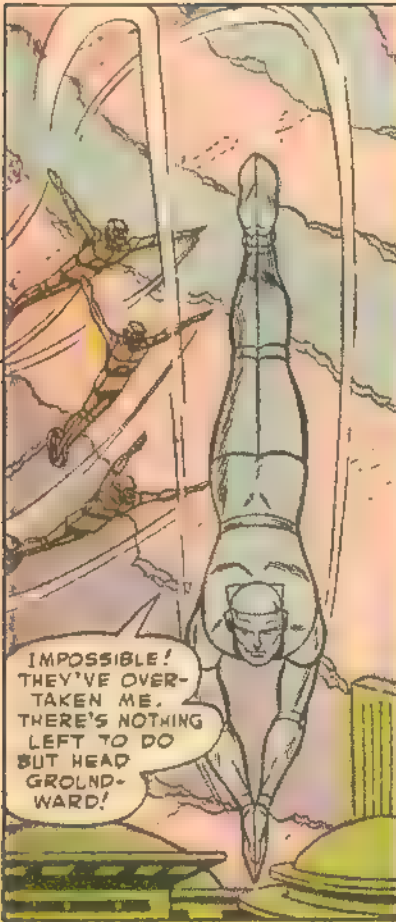
I CAN OUTPACE THEM--- BUT THEIR WHEELS ARE DRIVEN BY JETS! THEY'LL OVERTAKE ME EASILY. BUT...



MAYBE I CAN OUTMANEUVER THEM...





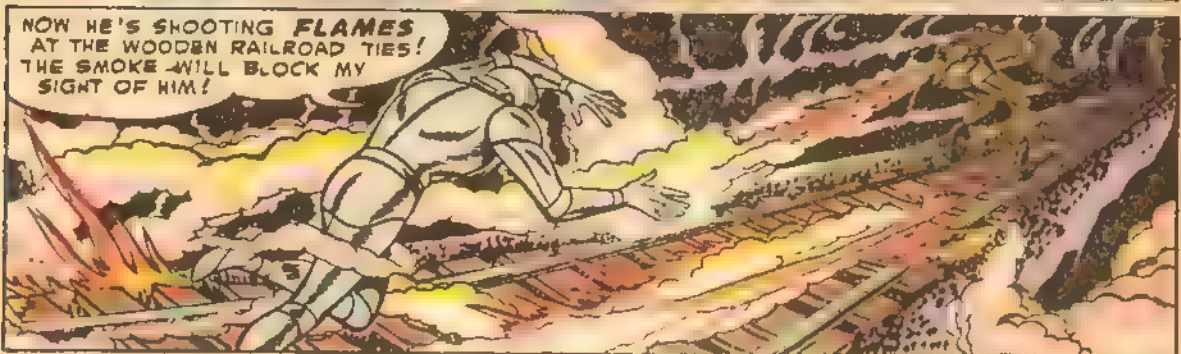




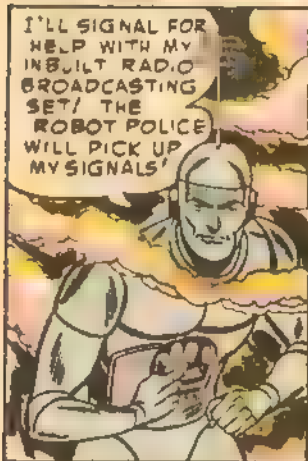
BUT FOR THE FIRST TIME, **ROBOTMAN** LEARNS THAT CAPTURING A FUTURISTIC FELON IS MORE DIFFICULT THAN CATCHING A HUMAN CRIMINAL!



NOW HE'S SHOOTING **FLAMES** AT THE WOODEN RAILROAD TIES! THE SMOKE WILL BLOCK MY SIGHT OF HIM!

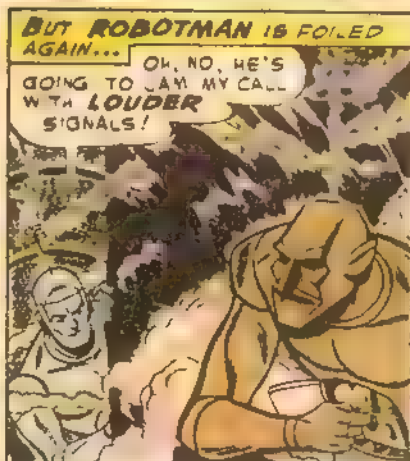


I'LL SIGNAL FOR HELP WITH MY INBUILT RADIO BROADCASTING SET! THE ROBOT POLICE WILL PICK UP MY SIGNALS!



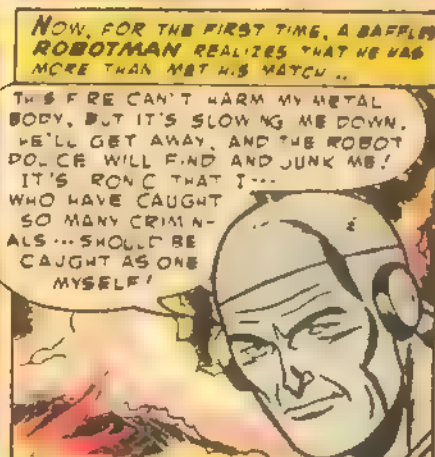
BUT **ROBOTMAN IS FOILED AGAIN...**

OH, NO, HE'S GOING TO JAM MY CALL WITH **LOUDER** SIGNALS!

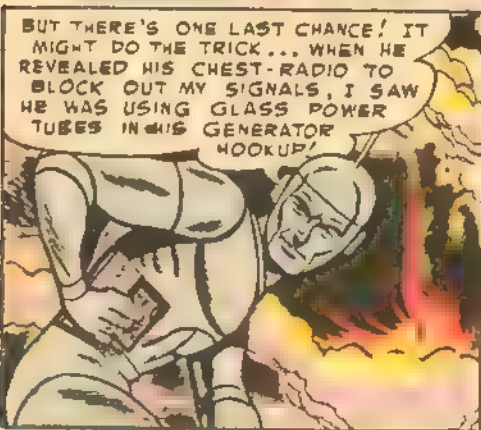


NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, A BAFFLED **ROBOTMAN** REALIZES THAT HE HAS MORE THAN MET HIS MATCH...

THE FIRE CAN'T HARM MY METAL BODY, BUT IT'S SLOWING ME DOWN. WE'LL GET AWAY, AND THE ROBOT POLICE WILL FIND AND JUNK ME! IT'S RONG THAT I... WHO HAVE CAUGHT SO MANY CRIMINALS... SHOULD BE CAUGHT AS ONE MYSELF!

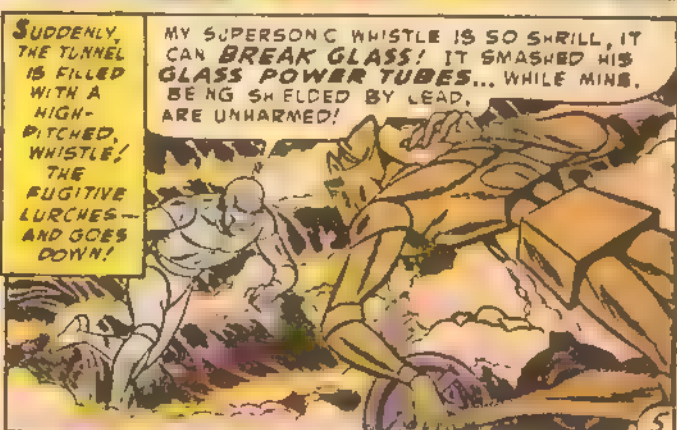


BUT THERE'S ONE LAST CHANCE! IT MIGHT DO THE TRICK... WHEN HE REVEALED HIS CHEST-RADIO TO BLOCK OUT MY SIGNALS, I SAW HE WAS USING GLASS POWER TUBES IN HIS GENERATOR HOOKUP!



SUDDENLY, THE TUNNEL IS FILLED WITH A HIGH-PITCHED, WHISTLE! THE FUGITIVE LURCHES—AND GOES DOWN!

MY SUPERSONIC WHISTLE IS SO SHRILL, IT CAN **BREAK GLASS**! IT SMASHED HIS **GLASS POWER TUBES**... WHILE MINE, BEING SHIELDED BY LEAD, ARE UNHARMED!





I'LL TAKE HIM TO THAT JUDGE WHO SENTENCED ME, AND BE A FREE MAN... OH-OH, WHAT'S THIS? THE LEVER WAS JAMMED. I CAN'T SHUT OFF THAT WHISTLE! IT'S GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER!

EEEEEEEEEEEE

BZZZZZZZ  
I CAN'T SHUT IT OFF...  
CAN'T SHUT IT OFF... WHY?  
**I'M IN BED!** IT'S MY  
ALARM CLOCK THAT'S BEEN  
MAKING THAT SOUND! I---  
I'VE BEEN **DREAMING!**

OR... **WAS** IT A DREAM? DID THAT ATOMIC MIST SOMEHOW  
WARP TIME AND PROJECT ME INTO SOME FUTURE WORLD  
OF ROBOTS? IF IT DIDN'T, MY BODY WOULDN'T  
BE SCORCHED AS IF I'D RUN THROUGH **FIRE!**  
OR MAYBE THE ATOMIC VAPORS  
HAVE THIS EFFECT ON  
METAL! I WONDER IF  
I'LL NEVER KNOW  
THE **REAL TRUTH...**?

The  
End



# DELICIOUS!

America's favorite candy -  
tasty, chewy and chocolaty  
TOOTSIE ROLL.

**Tootsie Roll**

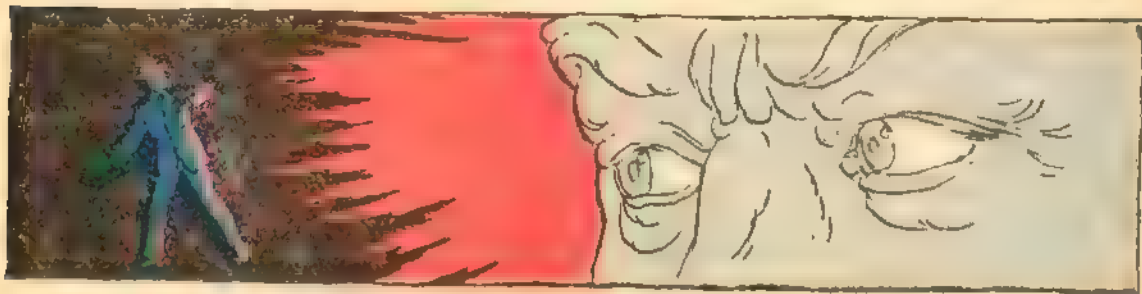
**Tootsie Micky Caramels** NET WT 1.2 OZ.  
SIX MICKY CARAMELS EACH CELOPHANE WRAPPED, IN ONE PACKAGE Buy em TODAY.

THE WEEBEE COMPANY OF AMERICA INC. HOBOKEN, N.J. - N.J.

VANILLA CHOCOLATE



# CRACKING the BLACKMAIL BANDITS



## Quick Action by Public Spirited Citizens Aids the F.B.I. in the War Against This Crime

**O**N a hot and humid August day, last Summer, a rather slight, bespectacled man nervously alighted from a suburban bus, and slowly but nervously walked down the busy street of the mid-western town.

Acting as if by pre-arrangement, he paused in front of the local department store, and peered into one of its display windows, the one advertising a sale of men's shirts. Probably not one of the hundreds who passed by noticed that he was tightly clutching, under his left arm, a neatly bound package, wrapped in brown paper, and tied with string.

The man remained in front of the department store for about five minutes. He then examined his watch, turned, and strolled farther down the street, pausing in front of a small dry goods store. He stooped, deliberately untied and tied one of his shoelaces, straightened, and continued his slow, leisurely walk.

At length, he reached the next corner, the site of a chain drug store. He entered, stepped up to the tobacco counter, and asked for a little known brand of cigarettes. The clerk shook his head, and replied they didn't stock it.

The man nodded, and then stepped into a telephone booth. He was sweating profusely by now, and mopped his brow with a wrinkled handkerchief. He picked up the receiver, held it for a moment or two, then replaced it without making a call.

Finally, he arose and stepped out. He crossed the store and sat at the soda counter, where he ordered a soft drink. A sharp observer might have noticed that the man no longer held his package. It now rested on the seat in the phone booth.

A sharp observer—but he'd have to be very sharp—might have noticed some other things, too. For instance, the man sipping a drink with the pretty girl at a nearby table, never fully kept his eyes off that phone booth. Nor did the new clerk behind the fountain. Nor did the pharmacist behind the drug counter. Nor did the window dresser who was putting up a display of drug items in the front window.

Who was this man we've spent so much time with, and what was he doing? The story behind the mystery is simple. He was an average citizen—like you or your best friend. Let's call him John Smith. One day, out of the blue,



he had received a letter—a threatening letter.

The writer demanded \$1,000 to keep him from striking out at Smith or his brother, or the wife, one night without warning. And he had included in his letter detailed instructions. He was no fool, he had warned Smith—he was going to make sure Smith had not been so foolish as to notify the police. This, came the final warning, would be Smith's last act.

In a sense, Smith had submitted to this final warning—he had not called the police. But what he did do was just as well—he turned to the first page of his phone book and found, as you can if you take the trouble to look, the number of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Smith did something else that was very wise. After reading the blackmail note, he gently placed it in a drawer of his desk. He did something else that might strike you as being strange, unless you, like Smith, happen to be a mystery-story reader. Smith placed a small saucer of water in the drawer, too.

The FBI man who called on Smith in a matter of minutes after receiving the message, had complimented Smith on his behavior. He had, first of all, done the wise and patriotic thing by calling the Bureau's office upon receipt of the blackmail letter. Again, Smith had been shrewd to place the letter in a drawer to protect any possible prints from being smudged by excessive handling. And, finally, Smith had shown remarkable knowledge of police methods by placing the saucer of water in the drawer, thereby humidifying the enclosure. Smith knew that fingerprints fade rapidly in a dark, dry place.

These precautions on the part of

Smith were responsible for bringing the blackmailer later to justice. For the criminal never showed up in that drug store to pick up the package containing \$1,000 in small bills. It wasn't that he recognized the window dresser, the pharmacist, or the soda clerk as FBI men.

Nor could he have known that the entire area had been converted into an escape-proof trap. No, what had happened was, as the blackmailer later confessed, that he had simply developed a case of cold feet. Yes, he had entered the drug store at the pre-arranged time. He had noticed Smith place the package in the phone booth. But some inner fear had prevented him from picking up the prize. Instead, he had finished his sandwich at the counter, and had innocently strolled out.

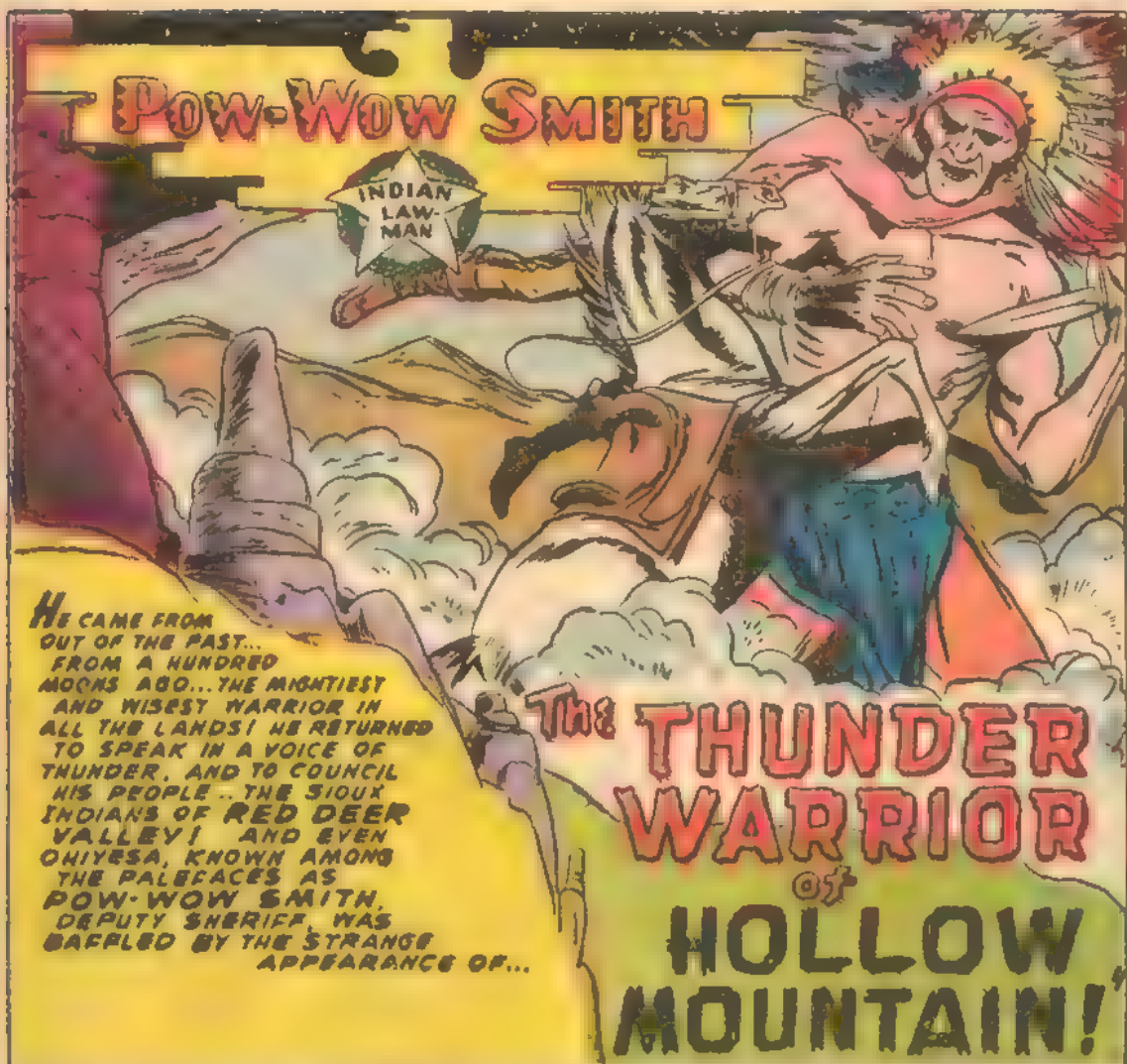
After all, he had figured, there was no hurry. He would drop Smith another line, and choose another place for Smith to bring the money. Smith, he was certain, would obey.

As it happened, the blackmailer never got the chance to mail the second note he had already written. For by this time, his fingerprints had been given the full treatment at the FBI lab in Washington, and checked against the Bureau's file of 125,000,000 sets of prints. In minutes, the name Robert Cortizon was flashed to the local office. And an hour later Cortizon was behind bars.

Where extortion is attempted, only quick action by public-spirited citizens in following the same procedure as Smith did enables the FBI to wage its unrelenting war against the blackmail bandits.

—by John Marston





DURING THE LULLS THAT COME IN HIS DUTIES AS A DEPUTY SHERIFF POW-WOW SMITH OFTEN RIDES INTO RED DEER VALLEY TO JOIN HIS SIOUX INDIAN BROTHERS...

...WHERE HE BECOMES OHYESA (THE WYVER), BRAVEST OF THE BRAVES... AND WHERE HE LEADS THE COLORFUL HUNT...

...AND WHERE, AT NIGHTS, THEY SIT AROUND THE FIRES LISTENING TO OLD, TOLD LEGENDS OF THE PAST...



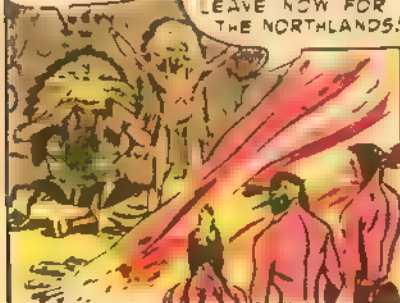




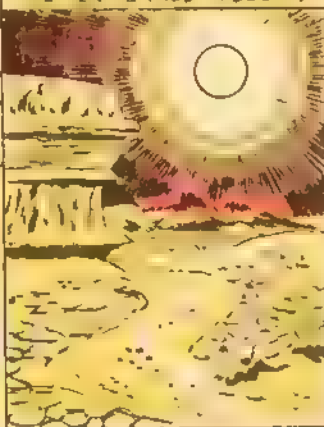
"THE THUNDER WARRIOR HAS USED HIS STRANGE POWERS THAT PERMITTED HIM TO KNOW WHAT THE OTHER CHIEFTAIN KNEW."

"I SEE DANGEROUS DAYS AHEAD... NO FOOD, NO WATER! MY TRIBES MUST MOVE NORTHWARD BEFORE THIS DISASTER STRIKES!"

THE THUNDER WARRIOR HAS SPOKEN! GATHER THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN... WE LEAVE NOW FOR THE NORTHLANDS!



"AND JUST AS THE THUNDER WARRIOR FORESAW, A DENSE DRAUGHT STRUCK THE LAND, AND ALL HIS THINGS WASTED AWAY AND DIED... THE TREES OF THE FOREST, THE ANIMALS... THE VERY GRASS ITSELF..."



"BUT THE THUNDER WARRIOR'S PEOPLE WERE SAFE AND HAPPY IN THE LANDS TO THE NORTH..."

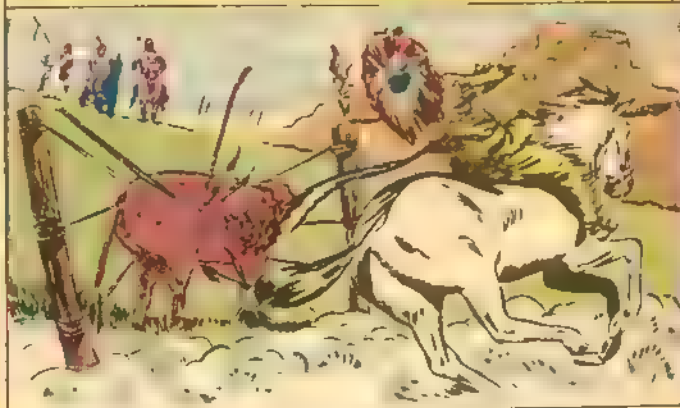


HUNDREDS OF MOONS AGO, THE THUNDER WARRIOR PASSED ON TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS... AND IT IS SAID IN THE LEGENDS THAT SOME DAY HE MAY RETURN... WHEN THE TRIBES AGAIN NEED HIS AID!



SUDDENLY, ONE MORNING, A PUFF OF SMOKE, A GANT BRAYE APPEARS ON A LEDGE... AND HIS VOICE COMES FORTH LIKE THE SOUND OF THUNDER!

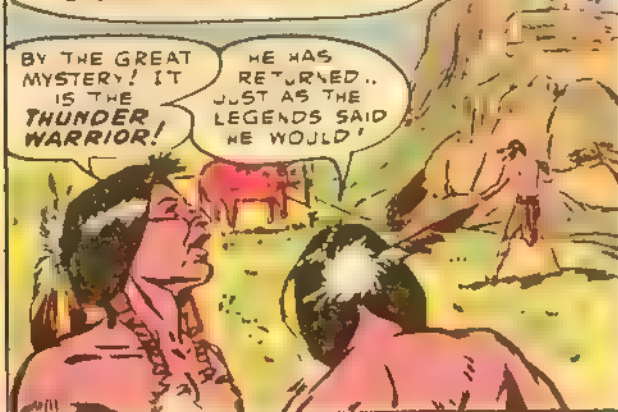
BUT LEGENDS... EVEN OF THE THUNDER WARRIOR ARE FORGOTTEN IN THE ENSUING DAYS AND THE INDIANS OF RED DEER VALLEY GO TO THE CAVES AT THE BASE OF TOWERING HOLLOW MOUNTAIN



MY PEOPLE! LISTEN TO ME! DISASTER THREATENS YOU! I HAVE RETURNED TO WARN YOU!

BY THE GREAT MYSTERY! IT IS THE THUNDER WARRIOR!

HE HAS RETURNED... JUST AS THE LEGENDS SAID HE WOULD!



HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? WE ENJOY OUR LEGENDS BUT WE DO NOT REALLY BELIEVE THEM!

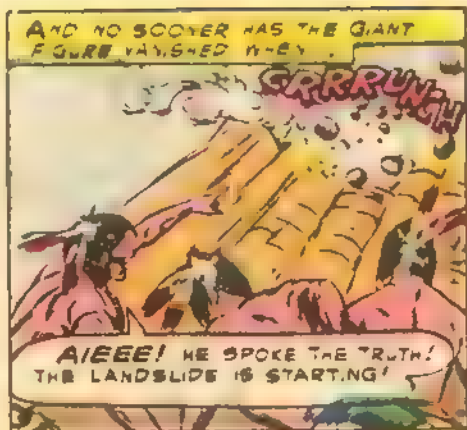
LISTEN HE SPEAKS AGAIN!



FLEE! FLEE FROM THIS SPOT BEFORE THE LANDSLIDE STRIKES!



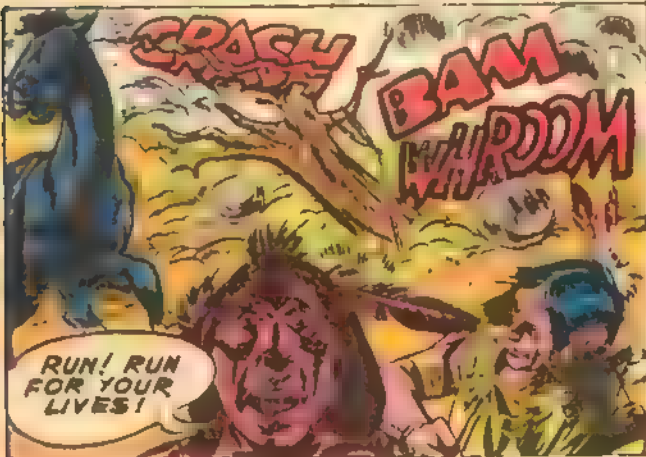
HURRY! DO NOT TARRY! THE AVALANCHE IS  
STRIKE... YOU SHALL BE CAUGHT AND KILLED  
UNLESS YOU FLEE! I HAVE WARNED YOU  
I GO NOW!



AND NO SOONER HAS THE GIANT  
FOUR VANISHED WHEN...

**SCRRUNGH**

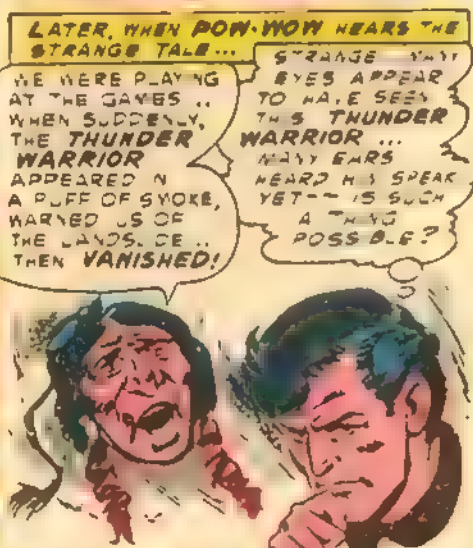
AIEEE! HE SPOKE THE TRUTH!  
THE LANDSLIDE IS STARTING!



**CRASH**

**BAM  
WHOOOM**

RUN! RUN  
FOR YOUR  
LIVES!



LATER, WHEN POW-WOW HEARS THE  
STRANGE TALE...

WE WERE PLAYING  
AT THE GAMES...  
WHEN SUDDENLY,  
THE THUNDER  
WARRIOR  
APPEARED IN  
A PUFF OF SMOKE,  
WARNED US OF  
THE LANDSLIDE...  
THEN VANISHED!

STRANGE... MY  
EYES APPEAR  
TO HAVE SEEN  
THIS THUNDER  
WARRIOR...  
MY EARS  
HEARD HIS SPEAK  
YET... IS SUCH  
A THING  
POSSIBLE?

THE PHENOMENAL APPEARANCE  
OF THE WARRIOR FROM THE  
PAST CAUSES MUCH STIR IN  
THE VILLAGE... SO THAT ON  
THE FOLLOWING DAY, A HUGE  
THROWING GATHERS AT  
HOLLOW MOUNTAIN...

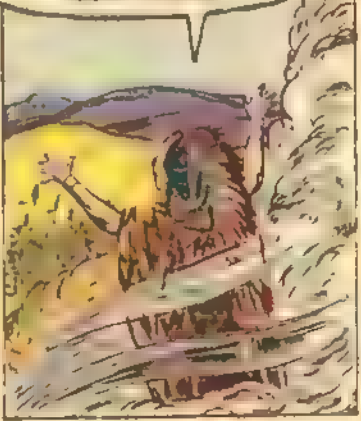


IT WAS THERE  
WE SAW HIM...  
THERE ON THE  
EDGE!

AND  
LOOK! SMOKE  
APPEARS  
AGAIN... AS  
FBI  
MAGIC!

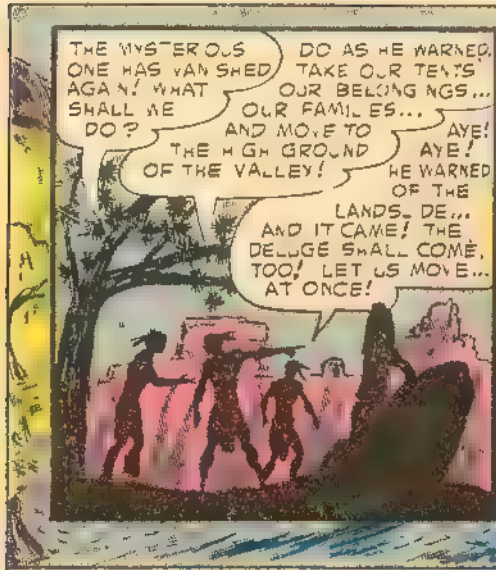
AND ONCE MORE APPEARS  
THE YASSIE FIGURES  
WHOSE VOICE RESOUNDS  
OVER THE COUNTRY...

I HAD TO COME ONCE MORE...  
FOR ANOTHER GREAT DANGER  
IMPERLS YOU, MY PEOPLE!  
FLOODS WILL COVER THE  
VALLEY... AND DESTROY  
YOUR HOMES!



MOVE TO THE HIGHLANDS...  
MOVE BEFORE THE FLOODS  
BRING RUN! GO NOW...  
PERHAPS NEVER TO  
RETURN AGAIN...  
I HAVE SPOKEN!



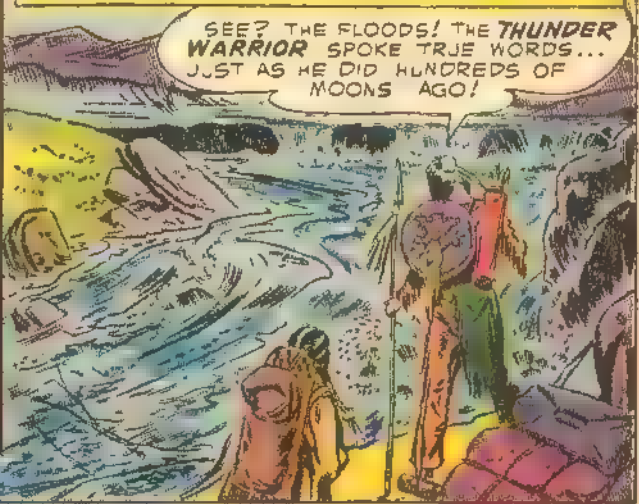


THE MYSTERIOUS ONE HAS VANISHED AGAIN! WHAT SHALL WE DO?

DO AS HE WARNED. TAKE OUR TENTS AND OUR BELONGINGS... OUR FAMILIES... AND MOVE TO THE HIGH GROUND OF THE VALLEY!

AYE! HE WARNED OF THE LANDS. DE... AND IT CAME! THE DELUGE SHALL COME, TOO! LET US MOVE... AT ONCE!

AND ON THE FOLLOWING DAY... AFTER THE TRIBE HAS MOVED SAFELY TO HIGH GROUND...



SEE? THE FLOODS! THE **THUNDER WARRIOR** SPOKE TRUE WORDS... JUST AS HE DID HUNDREDS OF MOONS AGO!

BUT THERE IS ONE TRIBESMAN WHO REMAINS UNCONVINCED BY THE PHENOMENA...

LEGENDS ARE LEGENDS... YES... AND THEY ARE GENERALLY BASED ON SOMETHING THAT **DID** OCCUR! BUT THIS... THIS ABOUT THE **THUNDER WARRIOR**... I CANNOT BELIEVE IT! YET... HIS WORDS COME TRUE, RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!

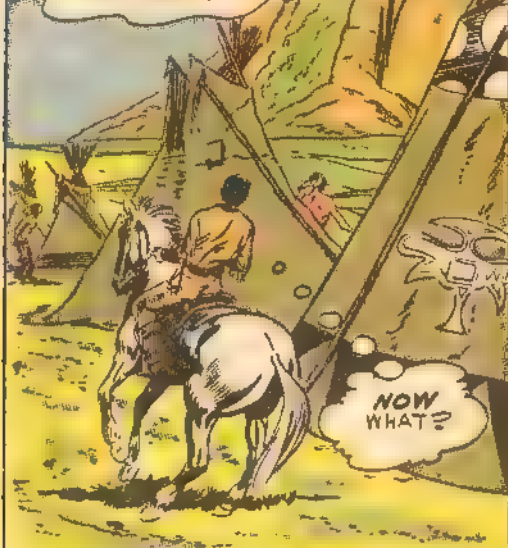


SO NEXT MORNING...

THE FLOOD HAS SUBSIDED... MY PEOPLE HAVE MOVED BACK INTO THEIR HOMES! I DON'T KNOW WHAT LURKS BEHIND ALL THIS... BUT I AM GOING TO **HOLLOW MOUNTAIN** TO FIND OUT!

BUT AS THE SIOUX DEPUTY GALLOPS TOWARD THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN...

I WAS NOT GOING TO RE-APPEAR, MY PEOPLE, BUT A **THIRD** DISASTER THREATENS THE VALLEY!



NOW WHAT?



**HOLLOW MOUNTAIN** WILL SOON ERUPT AS A TERRIBLE VOLCANO! GIANT TIDES OF MOLTEN LAVA SHALL POUR THROUGH THE VALLEY! FLEE--- FLEE THE VALLEY! I HAVE SPOKEN... I GO NOW--- **FOREVER!** GOODBYE, MY PEOPLE...

HEAR! HEAR! WE HAVE BEEN WARNED AGAIN! THE **THUNDER WARRIOR** TELLS OF THE IMPENDING DOOM! LET US LEAVE THE VALLEY AT ONCE!

YES--- AT ONCE!

WAIT! LISTEN TO ME!





WOULD YOU LEAVE YOUR HOMES AND THE VALLEY YOU LOVE SO MUCH? LET ME FIRST INVESTIGATE ALL THIS!

NO! WE WERE WARNED OF THE LANDSLIDE AND THE FLOOD... AND THEY BOTH CAME!

YES-- HOW DO YOU ANSWER THAT, OHYESA?

I--I DON'T KNOW... JUST YET! BUT I AM SURE THAT...

HO! HE ADMITS HE DOESN'T KNOW, YET HE WOULD HAVE US TARRY... AWAIT OUR DEATH IN THE LAVA!

I SAY, LET'S MOVE---AND MOVE BEFORE WE ARE TRAPPED! AYE! AYE! MOVE-- MOVE FROM THE VALLEY!



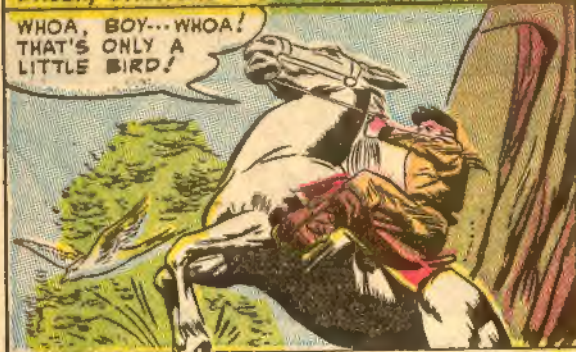
AND AS THE OTHERS BEGIN DISMANTLING THEIR AGE-OLD HOMELAND...



IN THE SCHOOLS OF THE PALEFACES, I LEARNED MANY THINGS--- AND I MAY YET LEARN SOMETHING OF THE MYSTERIOUS **THUNDER WARRIOR** THAT SHALL EXPLAIN ALL THIS! BUT I HAVE FOUND NO CLUES--- NOT EVEN FOOTPRINTS!

JUST THEN, AS A BIRD FLIES FROM A NEARBY BRUSH, STARTLING POW-WOW'S PONY...

WHOA, BOY...WHOA! THAT'S ONLY A LITTLE BIRD!



BUT THE STARTLED PONY'S HOOFS MAKE A STRANGE, HOLLOW SOUND ON THE GROUND, DETECTED BY THE TRAINED EARS OF THE SIOUX SLEUTH...

THE PONY'S HOOFS SOUNDED AS IF THEY WERE DRUMMING ON HOLLOW GROUND! YES...IT IS HOLLOW BENEATH HERE! MAYBE NOW I WILL SOLVE THE RIDDLE!



IT IS THEN THAT POW-WOW MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY...

A CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED **TRAPDOOR**, LEADING TO A CAVERN BELOW THIS SPOT... A CAVERN LIT BY **LAMPLIGHT**!



HE DROPS LITHELY, LANDS LIKE A CAT--- AND TURNS TOWARD A MUFFLED NOISE BEHIND HIM...

THE **THUNDER WARRIOR**. OR, AT LEAST, THE MAN WHO **POSED** AS SUCH!





AND AS POW-WOW UNTIES THE "WARRIOR"...

WHY...YOU'RE NOT EVEN AN INDIAN... BUT A PALEFACE IN DISGUISE! WHO ARE YOU... AND WHY DO YOU FOOL MY PEOPLE?

PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T HARM ME...I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM! I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING WRONG...HONEST! I'M THEIR PRISONER, THEY MADE ME DO THESE THINGS!

PEOPLE CALL ME THE "EIGHTH WONDER"! I WORK FOR A CIRCUS, IN THE SIDESHOW! CROOKS KIDNAPPED ME, BROUGHT ME HERE... AND FORCED ME TO ACT LIKE AN INDIAN!

THEY'D MAKE A CLOUD OF SMOKE... THEN I'D "APPEAR" OUT OF THE TRAPDOOR, AND TALK TO THE INDIANS THROUGH THIS MICROPHONE, WITH MY VOICE AMPLIFIED! IN ANOTHER CLOUD OF SMOKE, I'D GET BACK HERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN!



THEY STOOD IN THE TUNNEL... HOLDING GUNS ON ME! BELIEVE ME... I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT! THEY MADE ME... PLEASE DON'T HARM ME!

WHY, THIS BIG FELLOW'S JUST LIKE AN OVER-GROWN CHILD! HE WOULDN'T HARM A FLEA!

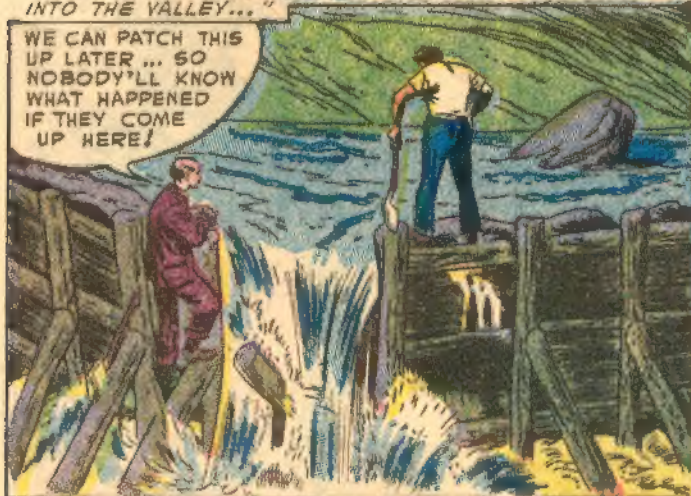
"YOU SEE, THE CROOKS WERE ABLE TO START THE LANDSLIDE BY LOOSENING BIG BOULDERS AT THE MOUNTAIN TOP..."

WE TOLD 'EM THERE'D BE AN AVALANCHE... SO THERE'LL BE ONE! GIVE 'ER THE WORKS, BOYS!



"AS FOR THE FLOOD, THEY SIMPLY BROKE THE DAM ON THE MOUNTAIN RIVER, TEMPORARILY DIVERTING THE WATER INTO THE VALLEY..."

WE CAN PATCH THIS UP LATER... SO NOBODY'LL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED IF THEY COME UP HERE!



BUT WHY ARE THEY DOING ALL THIS? WHAT CAN THEY POSSIBLY HOPE TO GAIN BY IT?

DON'T ASK ME! ALL I KNOW IS, FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER, THEY WANT ME TO PUT A GOOD SCARE INTO THESE INDIANS!





AT THAT MOMENT...

WAIT... I CAN HEAR YOUR CAPTORS RETURNING NOW! TELL ME... HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY THE **THUNDER WARRIOR** AGAIN... AND HELP PUT THESE CROOKS IN JAIL?

WELL... I'D HATE TO CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE... BUT IF YOU THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT... WELL... I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY!

MEANWHILE, IN THE CAVERN UP ABOVE...

WELL... IT WORKED, BOYS! THE INJUNS ARE PULLIN' OUT!

HAW! THAT "**THUNDER WARRIOR**" GAG WAS A NIFTY, JOE! WE GOT THEM INJUNS EATIN' OUT OF OUR HANDS!

SUDDENLY...

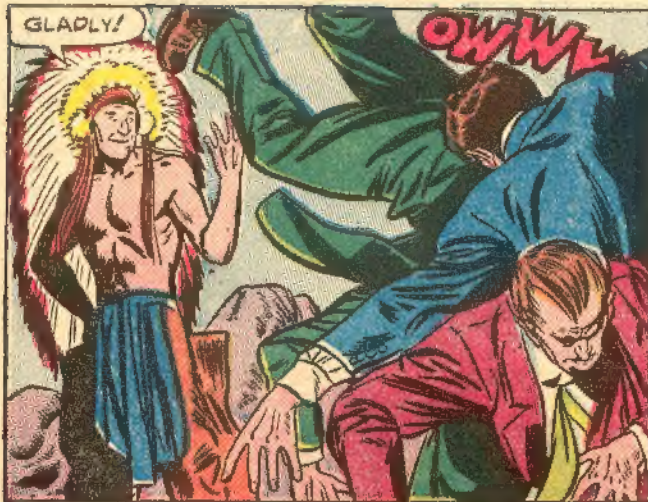
EYI LONES... YOU SHALL ANSWER FOR YOUR CRIMES! THE **THUNDER WARRIOR** SPEAKS!

HA, HA... LOOKIT THE BIG GOOF! HE'S TAKIN' HIS INJUN' ROLE SERIOUSLY!

YEAH! HOW'D YOU GET LOOSE FROM THEM ROPES, BUSTER? GET BACK IN YER CAVE AN' STAY THERE!







AND SO, WITH THE CROOKS SAFELY UNDER CONTROL...

HERE'S THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING... A LETTER I FOUND ON THEM! IT'S ADDRESSED TO ME, FROM THE STATE GOVERNMENT! THEY WANT PERMISSION TO BUY SOME LAND ON THE FRINGE OF THE VALLEY FOR A NEW HIGHWAY!



THESE CRIMINALS INTERCEPTED THE LETTER AND, REALIZING THAT THE LAND WOULD BE WORTH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS, COOKED UP THIS SCHEME TO DRIVE MY PEOPLE FROM THE VALLEY! THEN THE CROOKS COULD CLAIM THE LAND UNDER THE OLD SQUATTERS' RIGHTS LAW!

BUT WE STOPPED 'EM... DIDN'T WE, POW-WOW?



THUS, SOON AFTERWARD...

IT'S FUNNY... BUT THAT INCIDENT IN THE TUNNELS MADE A NEW MAN OF ME! NO MORE CIRCUS SIDESHOW STUFF! BOY... DID WE CLEAN UP THAT GANG!

YES... AND MY PEOPLE HAVE THEIR HOMES BACK... AND THEY'LL PROFIT BY A NEW HIGHWAY COMING THROUGH HERE! I GUESS, AFTER ALL, THE LEGEND OF THE THUNDER WARRIOR WORKED OUT PRETTY WELL!



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